THE LAND WE LOVE.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL D. H. HILL.

The land we love—a queen of lands,
No prouder one the world has known,
Though now uncrowned, upon her throne
She sits with fetters on her hands.

True royalty is sterling worth,
And noble deeds the right divine;
Her empire sways from clime to clime
Wherever manly thought has birth!

And through all coming ages sure
Her honor, founded on the rock
Of truth, shall grandly bear the shock
Of malice, and undimmed endure.

Man did not conquer her, but God,
For some wise purpose of his own,
Withdrew his arm; she, left alone,
Sank down resistless 'neath his rod.

God chastens most whom he loves best,
And scourges whom he will receive;
The land we love may cease to grieve,
And on his gracious promise rest!

Nestling her children to her side,
She fought to make those children free;
And when, by heaven's supreme decree,
Her last fond hope of freedom died,

She nobly yielded to its might,
Gasping amid her fiercest pain:
"God's way!—and he will make it plain—
"His evening-time will bring us light!"

Four years to battle for the right,
And warfare with the world sustain;
Yet on her 'scutcheon not one stain—
No blot upon her banner white!

Land that we love—O Southern land!
(Far dearer to thy children now
With desolation on thy brow,
Than when at thy supreme command

Thy hosts embattled, and the stream
Of triumph rolled its purple tide
Throughout thy golden borders wide,
And bathed thee with a rainbow gleam,)

Though howling waves around thee toss,
Rest calm in thine exalted strength,
Sublime though ruined, till at length,
The crown of heaven replace thy cross!

FANNY DOWNING.

CHARLOTTE, June 7, 1866.

THE MINERALS OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

HITHERTO, almost the whole capital and enterprise of North-Carolina have been devoted to agriculture. Whether this policy were more conducive to the highest prosperity of a state than a diversity of occupations among her people, was a question often discussed by her more intelligent and thoughtful citizens. That it was not necessary nor natural, was evident to any one who considered for a moment the great variety and extent of her resources. But whether wise or not in the former relations of capital and labor, it is apparent to all that under the changed condition of affairs, the old *status* can no longer continue. We enter upon a new era, wherein there is to be, in our work, less routine, less hereditariness, less uniformity, and more individuality, more novelty, more originality, and consequently more variety. Under the strong impulsion of necessity, we shall take hold of any means and every means which a bountiful Providence has placed at our hands for supplying our wants, bettering our condition, and repairing our shattered fortunes. We must diligently "interrogate Nature;" and if our soil is capable of higher fertility and of more varied and more valuable products, it must be put under severer contribution; if there are other and better markets, we must make a way to reach them; if our forests yield timber of value in the arts and manufactures of foreign nations, we must find and prepare it, and give it to commerce; if our climate is adapted to the cultivation of the vine and the development of new industries, we must by no means lose the opportunity; if our table-lands and elevated mountain slopes can be turned to a valuable account in cattle-raising and wool-growing, we must no longer neglect so promising a source of wealth and prosperity; if our numerous rivers, in their extended courses from the mountains to the sea, can be made to manufacture the crude products of our fields, forests, flocks and mines into more valuable merchandise, and then to transport them to the world's markets, then must they no longer be allowed to

mock and taunt us with their indolent roar and idle murmur; if the rock-ribbed earth itself, in the crags of the mountains, the ledges of the hills, or the beds of the plains, can furnish from their quarries material for the architect or the sculptor, or for any of the thousand and one arts of use or ornament of modern civilized life, or if there be "a vein for silver," or "dust of gold," or if Nature has laid up for us, in her ample store-house, accumulations of the more useful minerals, as coal, iron, etc., no labor or difficulty must deter us from exhuming these treasures. And doubtless, in our eager search and narrow scrutiny of all the feasibilities and possibilities of our new situation, we shall discover new and hitherto unsuspected sources of prosperity and of wealth within our borders. So that, wide as is the desolation "on all sides round," irreparable as are the losses, and heavy the calamities which have overtaken us, we can already begin to discern how it may turn out that the overthrow of our cherished systems and modes has not been wholly an evil, even in the material aspect of it and leaving out of view the higher "uses of adversity," and the moral meaning and intendment of such providential chastenings.

It is safe to assume that the people of North-Carolina, with their accustomed sound judgment and practical good sense, will have accepted the inevitable as the decree of Providence, and will at once go about to adapt themselves to the new conditions and address themselves to the new tasks before them. In order to do this intelligently and successfully, one of the first things necessary to be done is to take a survey of our means and resources. As a contribution toward this end, we propose a brief review of the *minerals* of North-Carolina. We shall avoid technicalities as far as practicable.

A statement of some general principles, and a few observations on the leading geological features of the country, will make the subject more intelligible. The position and general arrangement and condition of the rocks of a region have always an intimate dependence on its mountain systems. The strike, or direction of out-crop, and the dip of the strata, may generally be predicted as soon as the direction of the dominant mountain range is ascertained. Thus the different beds of rock on the eastern side of our continent fall into parallelism with the axis of upheaval of the Apalachian system. The general direction of the Blue Ridge, therefore, gives us the geological meridian to which all the rocks of North-Carolina must be referred. This direction is nearly north-east and south-west. Every one has noticed that the edges of the outcropping strata, and in general the trap dykes and mineral veins, take this direction predominantly in our latitude. The beds of slate, limestone, gneiss, etc., follow each other in regular succession, all trending away to the north-east. So that in passing from the sea-coast to the mountains, we cross successively in our track the upturned edges of the whole series. Thus we have the clue to the distribution and arrangement of the rocks in mass. In the study of the metalliferous minerals, it is important to bear in mind two leading facts: first, that they are found, especially the precious metals, chiefly on the flanks of mountains and in tracts marked by disturbance and upheaval, in the vicinity of trap dykes and other eruptive rocks, and at the intersections of these with slates; and second, that their occurrence is mostly limited to the oldest formations, the primary and lower secondary.

The rocks of North-Carolina belong to this lowest horizon, being wholly included, with the unimportant exception of the coal-fields, in the primary group. *So that we are prepared for the statement that there is hardly to be found a territory of the same extent with so great a variety of valuable minerals.*

In the treatment of this subject

it will be sufficiently precise for our purpose to divide the useful minerals into two classes, namely, the metalliferous ores, which occur mostly in veins, as gold, copper, etc., and earthy minerals and rocks, which are found mostly in beds, as coal, limestone, etc.

Under the first division occur gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, and tungsten, and here, for convenience, may be added the diamond; and under the second may be mentioned, as occurring in this State under such circumstances as render them economically valuable, coal, limestone, marble, architectural granite, sandstone, porphyry, fire-stone, buhrstone, grind-stone, grit, whet-stone, slate, roofing-slate, alum and copperas slate, soap-stone, serpentine, agalmatolite, fireclay, graphite, garnet, barytes, manganese, kerosene oil slates, and chromate of iron.

The second division being most important, will first claim attention; and first among these, coal. The value of this mineral is too well known to require statement even. The development of all other arts and industries is connected directly with its abundance and cheapness. It is found in two districts in North-Carolina, known as the Deep River and Dan River coal-fields. In both, the coal is bituminous, and occupies a narrow tract of country along the course of the rivers from which they respectively take their names. These beds, therefore, follow in their outcrop the general direction of the rocks of the country. The Dan River bed is distant from market, and has been little explored. There is an out-crop in Rockingham and Stokes counties, one seam being four feet thick. The Deep River bed is better known and probably more extensive. It is described in detail in the Geological Reports of Dr. Emmons for 1852 and 1856, and also by Admiral Wilkes, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy in 1859. According to these authorities, this coal is of the best quality, well adapted to the manufacture of iron and gas, and is inexhaustible in quantity. They represent it as extending over an area of more than 40 square miles, and containing more than 6,000,000 tons in each mile. This bed, therefore, would yield 1,000,000 tons annually for several hundred years.

These North-Carolina coal-fields are cotemporaneous with those of Virginia, and belong to an age more recent than the Apalachian coal formation, which ranges from Pennsylvania to Alabama. They belong to the later ages of the secondary. The bituminous slates associated with the coal are strongly impregnated with organic products. Dr. Emmons says: "From 30 to 40 gallons of crude kerosene oil exist in every ton of these slates. They are from 50 to 70 feet thick, and it is proper to state that it is a better oil than is furnished from coal."

The coal lies in a trough-like depression, which extends from Granville county in a south-west direction into South-Carolina. This tract is occupied in its whole length by a heavy body of sandstones of the same age with the coal. They are identical in appearance, quality, and age with the brown stone of Connecticut valley, which is so extensively used as a building stone in New-York and elsewhere. These sandstones are also extensively quarried for grindstones, for which they are well adapted.

Beds of fireclay, also, are interstratified with the coal. This mineral is found in various parts of the State, conspicuously in Gaston county.

There are five or six parallel belts of sandstone and quartzite, belonging to the older rocks, which traverse the State in the prevailing direction, and in which are found various grades of building-stones, fire-stones, and grindstones. According to Dr. Emmons, one of these passes to the eastward of Raleigh, another a few miles to the westward, and a third crosses the counties Montgomery, Randolph, and Orange. The well-known fire-stones of Gaston, Lincoln,

and Catawba, occur in the fourth belt which crops out along the line of upheaval of King's Mountain, Crowder's Mountain, and Little Mountain. This rock in places assumes the character of white granular quartz (saccharoidal quartz of the mineralogist) and attains sufficient purity to be used in the manufacture of glass. Linville Mountain, in McDowell county, at the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, is chiefly made up of the same rock. Here is found the flexible sandstone (Itacolumite of the mineralogist) in which the diamond occurs in other parts of the world. The Nautehaleh Mountain, in Macon and Cherokee repose upon an immense development of a similar rock, and doubtless belonging to the same formation.

Above the sandstone of this group, in at least three of the belts described, lies a bed of limestone; along the Catawba, at the base of the Blue Ridge, and of the Nautehaleh. This limestone in some localities reaches the purity and structure of marble. Specimens equal to the best Italian are brought from the Nautehaleh. This association of limestone in the west renders its occurrence probable in the same rocks in the eastern localities. And Dr. Emmons reported having discovered symptoms of its presence in Montgomery and Randolph. The limestone along the north-west border of Wake probably belongs to this series.

Agalmatolite constitutes another member of this sandstone group in at least two of the zones, being found in this connection in Montgomery and Chatham, as well as on the Nautehaleh river. This rock is miscalled soapstone, which it resembles in some of its properties and uses. It is developed on a very large scale, and in no part of the world is it found in greater purity or extent. Its uses in the arts are manifold, being substituted for graphite in lubrication, and for soapstone in furnaces, prepared as a cosmetic and a pigment, and manufactured into soap, into ornaments, and the finer kinds of porcelain ware. It has been exported for this latter purpose in large quantities to New-York and to Germany.

Here also belong the famous graphite or plumbago beds of Wake county, being found immediately under the sandstone. It occurs likewise in the same connection in the Catawba belt and scattered through several counties westward. The uses of this mineral are well known and important, the principal of which are, for the so-called lead pencils, for crucibles, for paint, for lubrication and for electrotypy. The Wake county mines have been worked to a considerable extent, and will no doubt be reöpened. These are the most extensive beds of this mineral known.

The quartz rock of this group in Montgomery takes the form of a buhrstone, which is supposed to be valuable for the manufacture of millstones.

Soapstone and serpentine of good quality are found in various parts of the State, for example, in Wake, Moore, Orange, Randolph, Mecklenburg and Cadwell, and west of the Blue Ridge there is a remarkable dyke of serpentine traversing the State from Jackson to Mitchell, which carries a great variety of minerals interesting to the mineralogist, and one at least that might become valuable economically. Here is one of the few veins of chromate of iron found in the United States. This mineral yields a larger number of valuable paints than any other substance known.

In close proximity to this serpentine dyke appears in Yancey county, a large body of massive garnet, which might be turned to good account in the manufacture of emery.

The slate formation, which occupies a tract of the State not less than 40 miles in width, lies west of the coal-rocks of Deep river, and extends in a north-east direction from Anson and Union counties on the southern border to the Virginia line. These slates constitute a notable feature in the geology of the

State, and in addition to the interest which attaches to the numerous mines along the south-western border, they contain extensive beds of roofing-slates, whetstone slates, and turkey hones, (novaculite.) Scythestones are also found on the Nautehaleh, of good quality and in great abundance.

Alum and copperas slates abound in many parts of the State, and have been extensively brought into requisition during the stress of the war. The counties of Cleveland and Rutherford alone contain not less than 100 square miles of these rocks, and could easily supply the continent with copperas. This material is derived, by the process of weathering, from the iron pyrites, which is disseminated in great abundance, and in a state of extreme comminution through the slates, many of which, being feldspathic, yield also alum.

The pyritous character of these rocks accounts also for the numerous mineral springs, sulphur and chalybeate, for which this region is noted. Among these, Wilson's Springs are the best known. They belong to both the white and red sulphur waters, as they are called, and have no superior in Virginia or elsewhere. Mineral waters are not limited to this region, however. No section of the State is destitute of them, and in the mountains they are found everywhere.

Barytes occurs in Orange, in the mines of Cabanus and in Gaston; and manganese also, in Cabanus and Gaston, as well as in Lincoln, Catawba, and elsewhere.

It might be inferred from what has been said, and perhaps still more from what has not been said, in reference to the distribution of minerals in the State, that the tertiary or seaboard region is entirely destitute of mineral wealth. But nature distributes her gifts with a more equal hand. I doubt whether an intelligent Edgecombe farmer would exchange his marl-beds for the coal of Chatham, or all the mines of the west. And perhaps he is right. He has at least one important advantage, that his profits from that source are immediate and certain, and his outlay almost nothing. This valuable material is liberally scattered over most of the seacoast section of the State, and is found in every degree of purity and of consolidation, from a mere aggregation of loose shells to the most compact limestone, suitable for building or for burning into lime. The famous Bath stone of London is matched by some of these beds. The marl is generally found near the surface and easily accessible. The importance of these accumulations of mineral manure to the agriculture of the State is only beginning to be appreciated. Our farmers are only beginning to understand the essential part which lime plays in the economy of vegetable growth, and its important relations to exhausted soils.

We pass to the other division of minerals, the metalliferous ores.

To the unpracticed eye, nothing presents a picture of more hopeless disorder and chaos than the rocks, particularly in a region of great disturbance, as in a mountainous country. Here seems truly "a land of darkness, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." And yet, at the touch of science, order rises out of this confusion and light spreads over this darkness. In a region of the wildest riot of disorder, dislocation, disturbance, and inversion, under the patient and inevitable inductions of geology, the upheaved, overturned, and distorted strata fall into rank and regularity along certain axes and group themselves orderly about certain centres. As the sandstones, limestones, etc., of the previous division were found to acknowledge certain relationships *inter se*, and toward a controlling geological meridian, so it will appear that the metalliferous ores are not scattered at random and as if by chance, (even within the limitations already stated, of a disturbed area and a low geological horizon,) but have a subordinate grouping and a palpable arrangement.

And first, of iron, king of metals;

so, because it constitutes the very frame-work, as it were, of our material civilization, without which the whole fabric would vanish like the fabled ship on approaching the magnetic mountain.

North-Carolina is peculiarly fortunate in the possession of an abundance of the best ores, and so widely distributed and in so immediate juxtaposition with the other materials and means for smelting it, that each section, except the sea-board counties, can produce its own supply. These ores occupy three or four narrow tracts or districts, having indeed an obvious relation to the mineral belts already pointed out. This relation is most obvious and most immediate in the trans-Catawba tract, being found in heavy veins along the outcrop of the sandstone from King's Mountain through Gaston, Lincoln, and Catawba to Stokes, Davie, and Surry. A second belt extends through Montgomery, Randolph, and Guilford. A third has its largest development in Chatham in the neighborhood of the coal, but makes its appearance also in Johnson and Orange. In the coal-beds themselves, according to the high authorities already cited, exists an important deposit of ore interstratified with the coal. West of the Blue Ridge, and not far from the sandstone belt, is one of the most valuable accumulations of iron ore to be found in the country. It has been long famous for the fine quality of the metal which it yields. The ore lies at the base of the Yellow Mountain in Mitchell county. It will doubtless be found elsewhere in the further investigation of the minerals of this almost unexplored mountain region. The ore is found at several points outside of these well-marked districts. It belongs commonly to the variety known as magnetic. To this, however, there are many exceptions. Specular or hæmatite ore often replaces it, or is associated with it. The ore at several of the points mentioned is well adapted to the manufacture of steel. The manufacture of iron had attained to considerable importance in the State previously to the late war, during which, of course, this industry received a great impetus. And when our system of internal improvements shall have been completed, this will doubtless become one of the most important manufactures in the State.

Gold-mining commenced in North-Carolina about fifty years ago. The first impulse was given to the business by the accidental discovery of some large nuggets in Cabanus and Anson counties. Previously to the year 1820 not more than $50,000 had been obtained. In 1860 the aggregate yield was not less than $10,000,000; which would make an average annual yield of $250,000. The larger part of this was obtained from a small area comprising about half a dozen counties, lying chiefly along the Peedee and Lower Catawba, but extending north-east from Mecklenburg and Anson to Guilford. Here, as elsewhere, the first mining was confined to "surface diggings." And in 1824, Professor Olmsted of the University, then State Geologist, expressed doubts about the existence of gold-veins in that region. In California, Australia, along the Andes and the Ural—everywhere, in ancient and modern times, these superficial deposits have been the chief source of the precious metal, and have been generally more remunerative than vein-mines. And it is in this detritus of sand, gravel and clay, that all the large masses of gold have been found. They never occur in veins, although these detrital accumulations are doubtless the debris of denuded veins. In North-Carolina, however, vein-mining soon obtained great prominence; and the larger part of the whole product in this State has been derived from this source. Some single mines in the gold region have yielded from one to two millions. And if these mines have not been uniformly profitable, it is because they have been generally wrought with little science or economy. *Overman, in his work on Metallurgy, has*

recorded his conviction that these mines, under proper management, would be more profitable than those of California.

Although the mines are more numerous and important in the region indicated, yet they are by no means restricted to so narrow a district. Many valuable mines occur far outside of this "gold region," as in Moore and Franklin on the east, and in Gaston, Catawba, Burke, and as far west as Cherokee. The vein-gold of this State is usually found in a gangue of quartz, or disseminated in a slaty veinstone; and it is commonly associated with iron and copper pyrites. This association almost universally prevails below the water-level. These mines, therefore, are of the same character as those of California and Colorado, and the new methods which have been devised during the last few years to meet the difficulty of working this class of ores will doubtless be found applicable here.

It will be observed that the richest gold mines lie along and near the line of contact of the slate and granite. And it is also along this line that the only silver mines of this State are found. The most noted of these is at Silver Hill, in Davidson county. The combination of metals here is quite complex — including with the silver, gold, lead, copper and zinc. A chain of similar mines runs south-west along the western border of the slates, including the McMakin and Stewart mines. During the war the first-named of these mines yielded a considerable quantity of lead. It had been previously worked chiefly for silver and gold.

Lead has not been found in quantities to justify operation elsewhere in the State, although its existence has been ascertained in several localities in the mountain region, as in McDowell and Cherokee. Both the silver and lead of North-Carolina are found, mostly in combination with sulphur, in Galena. Zinc is not known to occur in the State, except in the above-named association and localities.

Copper has been long known as an accompaniment of gold in most of the mines of that metal, especially in those which occur within the belt of granite bordering the slates on the west. Many of these, which were originally operated as gold mines were abandoned on account of the increase of copper pyrites with the depth; and it is only within a few years that several of them have been reöpened as copper mines. A considerable quantity of this ore has been exported, chiefly from the mines of Guilford. And as it is a well-established fact that copper veins improve downward, and as these veins abound in the gold region, and have been recently found also of a very promising character in Ashe county, and are known to extend in a well-marked belt of copper-bearing rocks through several of the north-western counties, as far at least as Jackson, there is every probability that copper-mining will be developed into an important interest. The mountain region has been little explored, the geological survey having been carried only to the Catawba, but it will undoubtedly be found to be one of the richest mineral sections of the State, as it is already one of the most interesting and attractive on account of its great agricultural capabilities, the salubrity of its climate, and the grandeur and variety of its scenery, containing as it does the most elevated table-lands and loftiest mountain ranges to be found in the Atlantic States.

Tungsten, a metal which was long merely a chemical curiosity, but has recently assumed a high value, particularly on account of its relation to the manufacture of steel, occurs in Cabanus.

Several valuable diamonds have been found in the trans-Catawba country, in Lincoln and Rutherford counties.

From this very rapid survey of the minerals of North-Carolina, several

facts worthy of note are evident: first, that, though widely distributed, they are not scattered at random, but follow a certain order of grouping and association; so that the probability of the occurrence of a given mineral in any particular locality can be approximately ascertained before examination. So that when the iron men over in Gaston and Lincoln inquire, as they often do, whether they might not find coal by digging down in the neighborhood of some of the black slates of that section, they are at once answered, those slates are blackened by graphite or manganese, and no coal will ever be found in rocks of that age. And when it is asked whether limestone might not be found in a certain section, the answer will be easy, as soon as it is known what kinds of rocks prevail, and whether any of the usual associates of that mineral appear. And so of other such inquiries. Again, it is evident that this State is abundantly supplied with the more important and valuable minerals, those which are essential to the permanent and successful development of agriculture and manufactures. Among these must be always first named iron, coal, and lime. Of the first two it has been seen that there is the greatest profusion. Of lime, however, it may be supposed that there is a deficiency. It is true, we have no such immense territory of limestone as is found in some other States; and yet, upon consideration, it will be apparent that nature has provided an abundant store for all possible needs. The tertiary region in the east finds an ample supply for the purposes of agriculture and of architecture in its widely diffused beds of marl. And although the farmer of the middle and western sections may not always find an imperative need of this fertilizer, his soils being frequently derived by disintegration from rocks which contain a considerable percentage of lime, yet, since the breadth of the State is traversed at comparatively short intervals by a number of outcrops of limestone, which are crossed almost at right angles by our rivers and many of our railroads, it is thus brought within convenient reach of almost every neighborhood. Nature has denied us only two of the more important mineral deposits, salt and gypsum, (and they may yet be discovered in the sandstone of the coal.) But of these two there is an unlimited store just across our borders, within easy reach, by a short line of railway, of our network of proposed and completed railroads and of our rivers.

Taking, then, in one view our resources of iron, coal, and lime, of gold and copper, and the great variety of other minerals of subordinate but real and increasing value, it is sufficiently apparent that our State has here the foundation of indefinite wealth and prosperity; and that there is wanting to these ends only a vigorous prosecution of our system of internal improvements on the part of our Legislature, and intelligence, industry, and enterprise on that of our citizens.

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN FOR 1864.

[EXTRACT.]

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,
en route to E. T.,
March 15, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS:

SIR: . . . . The proposition to unite the army of General Johnston, with my force, at Maryville, East-Tennessee, for the purpose of moving into Middle Tennessee, *via* Sparta, may, in its execution, force the enemy to withdraw from his present position and concentrate near Nashville in order to meet us. If he should not fight there, we might force him still further back by moving into Kentucky. If he should fight us, our forces ought to win a glorious victory.

I apprehend, however, some difficulty in making the move so as to effect a junction in good time.

The two armies are about two hundred miles apart, with the enemy occupying all of the intermediate country. As soon as we begin to move, the enemy must discover it. He occupying the railroad between us, will have great facilities for concentrating against either of our armies, and might so cripple the one that he encounters, as to prevent the junction, and thus break up the campaign; and we should assume that he will do this. As there are no supplies in the country through which our armies must pass, before concentration, the enemy might depend upon delaying us by occupying the mountain passes until our supplies are consumed, and force us to retreat in that way. The armies would be obliged to haul ordnance stores, forage, subsistence, etc., etc., in sufficient quantities to supply their wants from the moment of their setting out upon the campaign, without the surety of finding supplies at Sparta. That is, in sufficient quantities to supply a large army.

It occurs to me that a better plan for making a campaign into Middle Tennessee, would be to reënforce General Johnston, in his present position, by throwing the Mississippi troops and those from General Beauregard's department and my own to that point.

The shortest practical route by which I could join him would be over the mountains, about two hundred miles; which at this season of the year may be attended with considerable delays by the mountain streams. It would probably be better, therefore, to choose a quicker route, and march from East-Tennessee to Greenville, South-Carolina, and move by rail thence to Atlanta, and march up from Atlanta. As there are two lines of railway to Atlanta, I have assumed that one of these may be used for the speedy transportation of the troops, whilst the other is used in supplying provisions, etc., etc.

This move may be made, if it is begun very soon, in time to enable us to take the initiative in the approaching campaign.

Our strongest and most effective move, however, would be into Kentucky through Pound Gap. This can be done by moving General Beauregard's army *via* Greenville, South-Carolina, to march through Pound Gap, and unite with my forces, marching also by Pound Gap, into Kentucky.

General Beauregard could collect his transportation and supplies at Greenville for the purpose, ostensibly, of supplying my army, which could be advertised as about to march by that route to join General Johnston. Having every thing in readiness, General Beauregard could throw his troops up to Greenville by rail, and at once take up the line of march for Kentucky; I moving at the same moment from Abingdon, Virginia. The movement would then be so completely masked that our own people would not suspect it before we were well on the march for

Kentucky. If General Beauregard could march from Morganton, North-Carolina, instead of Greenville or Spartanburg, South-Carolina, there would be about sixty miles less of marching, than by making either of the other places the starting-point.

The move itself may not surprise the enemy, but the strength of it would, and we should in all probability encounter a force of his, which could not stand before us.

If the enemy be obliged to abandon his present position, by this move, he must give up nearly if not all of Tennessee below the Cumberland.

This of itself will be equal to a victory for us.

If he moves his entire force back, for the purpose of meeting General Beauregard, he, if he sees fit, may avoid him, and our armies, under Generals Johnston and Beauregard, can unite in Tennessee and thence advance into Kentucky. Or if we only hold Tennessee without a fight, we shall have accomplished a great moral advantage. There can scarcely be a doubt, however, but that we shall be able to advance into Kentucky and hold that State, if we are once united.

I presume that nearly all of General Beauregard's troops may be spared from his department by drawing off General Loring's division from Mississippi, and General Maury's from Mobile, and replacing the troops drawn from General Beauregard's department by one of these divisions; placing the other at Atlanta, to reënforce Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or Dalton. This last position would only be necessary as a temporary precaution, as the enemy will be entirely occupied by the move into Kentucky, as soon as he begins to feel us in his rear. We should thus leave our own positions as securely covered as they now are, and at the same time have an opportunity to strike a vital blow at the enemy's. The move can be made sooner than any other, promises greater results, and is less complicated. It secures to us the means of getting provisions for our troops, and if entirely successful will end the war. The objection to it is, that there may be some difficulty in uniting the two armies under Generals Johnston and Beauregard; but it is more probable that they would be able to unite, when the enemy is in motion and occupied in looking after his line of communication, than the armies in Georgia and East-Tennessee would be with the enemy lying at his ease and watching them.

It would not be necessary for General Johnston to pursue the enemy with his entire army.

He could put the cavalry under Generals S. D. Lee, Forrest, Roddy, and Wheeler, upon the enemy's rear, and thus damage him so seriously that he would hardly be able to give us battle in Kentucky immediately after his arrival there.

If he should fall upon General Beauregard, we could relieve him without danger of great damage, and afterward join General Johnston.

My troops can start upon this or any other campaign in three days' notice. General Beauregard could not prepare for it sooner than the 1st April. If we can put our troops in motion by that time, we shall be able to take the initiative, as the enemy will not be ready to move before the 1st of May. He may and probably will, make a diversion in Virginia before that time, for the purpose of drawing my troops from the West, and thus prevent such a campaign.

He seems already in some concern about our position and movements. These ideas are advanced under the supposition that they will be executed with that determination and vigor which must insure success. In order that there may be as little delay as possible, I have expressed them somewhat hurriedly, and I may have failed to explain them as well as I would like, and the suggestions may not go sufficiently into details.

I remain, sir, with great respect,
Your most obedient servant,
JAMES LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.

HUGH MILLER says that when he was working on the shore of Moray Frith in Scotland, as a mason, he picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes apparently of an Ionic capital; and the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had he broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could not have surprised him more. Was there another such a curiosity in the whole world? He broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance — for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found there might be. The writer of this a few years ago had lying about the house a small piece of rock, of no apparent value or beauty, and its source not known; it was covered with a coating of quartz with minute crystals over it. But accidentally knocking off a corner of it one day, he discovered another mineral within, totally different, and perfectly crystallized in its own peculiar shape. We sometimes find an old coin covered and corroded with rust, but upon beating, rubbing or heating it the "image and superscription," as well as the legend, appear.

So with familiar words, the current coin of social life: the "faded metaphors" of language. We must hammer them, or beat them, or scrutinize them, or conjure with them, to bring to light that hidden meaning that may have hitherto eluded us. There is a world of wonderful curiosities in the heavens; in the air; in the earth; in our bodily frames; in our spiritual natures; and in *our mouths.* Man is the mouth-piece of the whole creation. Other animals may vocalize, but he is "the divider of the voice." His "winged words" reëcho all voices, above, below, and around him; and he not only *paints* sounds to the ear, when he makes the sea roar, the thunders roll, the winds whisper in the pines, the cricket (*creaket*) chirp, but when he limns *ideas* to the *eye* in letters, in (Littera, from lino, Latin, to paint) the *zig-zag* lightning, in the *L*-bow, and in many other pictorial representations, as all writing probably was at first; and then at pleasure he *obliterates* and *blots* them out again, that is, he unpaints them again. But it is not our purpose now to dwell upon this most curious quality both of written and spoken language, and which pervades it more extensively than most, even of educated men, have any idea of. We defer that till another time.

One of the primary ideas everywhere, in all languages, of course must be that of *being, living, existing,* in the highest style on earth, and its perpetuation, by the connection of one generation with another. Now the more ancient and original any language is, the more it partakes of that descriptive and imitative character we have just spoken of.

The Hebrew has it in a high degree: and the verb to be, live, etc., in that language, seems to be an imitation of the *act* and the *sound* of inspiring and expiring breath: we can represent it nearly by the letters, HVH, or with the vowels Havah: we find the same thing in Greek Bioō; but as B, as in modern Greek, was probably aspirated, and a sound called the digamma, like our F or V, came between the first two vowels, (the last is a mere ending,) we have almost the same sound as before, ViV-o, which brings us to the Latin viv-o, from which we have revive, and so many other words, related in meaning. Now as soon as Adam saw his future wife, he named her from her relation to himself as his counterpart, *ish-a;* giving the feminine termination which is common to so many languages to the

word that described himself, *ish;* he was ish, his companion (not Eve yet) was ish-a; the same as in Latin, vir, vira; and imitated in English, not in the way we form the term by a *prefix*, Fœ or Wo male, female: man, woman; but by changing the *end*, and saying, man, man-a. But how, and when did the Ish's Isha become Eve; and why did God's vicegerent and the Lord of this lower world change the name of his associate and companion? It was in reference to matrimony, (mater-mony, motherhood) mater-nity. He called the name of his *isha* (woman) *Havah* because (s)*he havetha* (was) *am* (or our ma-ma) of all *hav*, (living.) This imitates the sentence very nearly, and shows that her *name Eve*, the verb *was*, and the noun *living*, *being*, are all connected in their root: and *mother* is our *ma*, repeated ma-ma, and the first syllable in mater. It is also in all probability the Latin verb, am-o; as we presume there is no affection on earth stronger than that of a mother to her child; and it seems to be so regarded in the Bible, Isa. 49 : 15, where the question is asked as if to be confidently answered in the negative, "Can a woman (mother) forget her sucking child?" etc. Though Isaac Taylor thinks the conjugal affection the strongest.

This title, more specific than *isha*, primarily, no doubt, was given to Eve (rendered by Septuagint in Greek Zoë, life) from the fact that she had the germs, and was to be the mother, of all generations of men; literally, "*the mother of us all.*" But no doubt there was in her case a further reference to that exalted, mysterious, remote descendant of hers, who was to bruise the head of the serpent, lead captivity captive, so often called THE LIFE; the great and only source of life to man; the Jehovah of the Old Testament, a name connected with the same verb *to be;* and yet descending in a line of first-born ones, from the great first mother, Eve, Havah, of which word, Eve, Eva, is only a different pronunciation. To what then does all this tend, does some one ask? We reply by asking, what is the idea, and the origin of the word, wife? One great linguist derives it from *weave*, the *weaver* in the family! But we think we have sufficiently indicated its origin and antiquity. It has no such blazonry about it as the loom. Eve is the predecessor of all wives, and all other women are her daughters. The word comes straight along down through a variety of languages in nearly the same form. Ours is the Anglo-Saxon; Dutch, wyf; German, weib; Frisian, more nearly like the English than any language in Europe, wif; Danish, vif; and Icelandic, which preserves old Norse forms, the same; Low German, wief; old High German, wib; Middle High German, wip, etc.

Webster, at the word Eve, quoting from Adair, says that in the Chickasaw language a wife is called awah; we see the idea indicated in the use of the word *matrimony*, for the married state. We see the idea in the horrible proposition of Lot's daughters, Gen. 19 : 32–34, where "*preserve*" is from the same root, and in a causative sense, to give life, to quicken; and in the "quickening" of more modern times.

And this word "quick" may have a relationship to viv-a in form as well as sense: vig-or, wake, wick, (in candle-wick,) and quick, seem allied; we speak of a *live* coal, and Horace, the Latin poet, has vivæ and vigilæ lucernæ, that is, living and vigilant, quick and wakeful lamps.

But there are other gems of thought; and words that do not give out their meaning, as musical instruments, do not discourse sweet music till it is brought out of them. Some one says that there is no instance in the Bible of medicine taken internally. Though Prov. 31 : 6 would be an exception: "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish." The ancients, as we see both in the Bible and in Homer, depended very much upon external applications in healing wounds and diseases. Olive oil was

often employed, as we see in Jas. 5 : 14, "anoint him (the sick) with oil in the name of the Lord;" Mark 6 : 13, "and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them."

Now, we often read in the Old Testament of Baal, Bel, Belus, the name of one of the chief deities of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, etc., representing the sun, or the planet Jupiter. We see his high position in their mythology from the fact that his name is incorporated into so many other names, as that of the true God was among the Jews; *Beel*zebub, Hanni*bal*, Hasdru*bal*, and perhaps Sardana-*pal*-us, etc. It means God, King, Lord, Master, etc. Some persons may be surprised to find that we have this *Baal* in common use. But the Hebrew word for oil is *shemen*, included in that hallowed word, Gethsemane, oil-press; and if we combine the two, we have *Baal-shemen*, king-oil, lord-oil, sovereign remedy, panacea. We have the word contracted first in Greek, balsamum, the same in Latin, and balsam in English; and this is not an oil but a kind of liquid gum, of the consistency of oil, and applied medicinally in the same way, often, as their oil. Hence the inquiry, Is there no balm in Gilead: is there no physician there? in which the word is so far contracted that just as we employ it for a garden herb, it has lost one *a* from the first part, and all of the last, but the last letter. Thus we see the high genealogy of Balsam, and Balm; and it was also costly, for it was sold for double its weight in silver. In Gen. 37 : 25, we see that it was an early article of traffic, for the Ishmaelites were carrying it to Egypt, with spicery and myrrh, more than seventeen hundred years before Christ.

We have all been familiar with that little rodent animal that injures our corn crop so much in autumn—the squirrel. But we presume that many, both of the boys and young men, and old men too, who are accustomed to kill them, and who have before their eyes, often, that peculiarity of the animal from which it takes its name, can not tell what that name means; or if called upon to give it a distinctive appellation, could not form one so descriptive. "It is derived from the circumstance of the *tail* serving as it were, to shade the body." In the Greek, we have skia-oura; this in Latin becomes sciurus; then give it a diminutive termination, sciurulus; then bring it through the French, and we have squirrel, an animal that makes an umbrella of its tail—shadow-tail!

> "The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play,
> Ascends a neighboring beech: *there whisks his brush*,
> And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud."

We have pul-lets, foals, and fillies about our farm-yards; and in summer the stagnant pools swarm with vermin called tad-poles, and pollywiggles. But how are these connected? Pōl-os in Greek, and pullus in Latin, is the young of an animal, *a foal*, filly, etc. A tadpole then is a toad-foal. And as so generally, when we add a word or syllable to another, we contract the former, and sometimes both, so here, toad is tad: and foal is filly, as from ingenium, we have engine, then *gin*, in cotton-gin. When we are annoyed by fowls, and wish to drive them away, we say, "Shoo! Shoo!" and this is the most ancient way of doing it, for if we look at the original of Gen. 15 : 11, we shall find that Abraham used the same word when he drove the fowls away from his sacrifice. One commentator says, "he puffed them away;" that is, "by swelling his cheeks with his breath and blowing at them." Another says, "he huffed them away." But the form and sound of the word *shoo*, almost exactly imitates the original.

We are told that "the proper study of mankind is man." He plays an important part in the world from the earliest times. According to Tacitus, *Man*nus was the founder of the Ger-*man* race. *Man*-u, the son of Bra*ma*, gave the most celebrated code of civil and religious law

to the Hindoos; and in some form, not very different, from the days when the Sanscrit language flourished in that country, through Asia and Europe, over into America, he has been a great thinker, and dealer in *men*-tal science; the verb-root in Sanscrit is *man, to think*, *man*-as, mind, *man*ushya, a son of man, to which *mens* in Latin, *mind*, is evidently related. In Europe they have, without specifying mann, monn, manur, mand, manna, etc.

He plays an extensive part in English, and in a variety of combinations. *Man*, Wo-*man*, *Men*, Wo-*men*, corresponding to ho-*men*, foe-*mina* in Latin, q. d. he-*man*, she-*man*. Then we have the little *man*, or dwarf, *man*-nikin; and in Latin, ho-*mun*culus, ho-*mun*-cio; and little woman femella, or fe-*min*-ella, our female, which word, though the counterpart of male, (from maris,) is not derived from it. We have hu-*man* and inhu-*man*, hu-*mane* and inhu-*mane* men and women. We have *man*kind *in*cluding womankind, and *man*-kind, (1 Cor. 6 : 9; Lev. 18 : 22 ; 1 Tim. 1 : 10), *ex*-cluding womankind. Kind men and kind women are not of course kinsmen and kinswomen, and these latter are not of course kind men and women. We see man-children, male children, boy babies, girl babies, and female children, but we do not think that any one sees *woman* children. The Bible shows us men-servants and women-servants.

Man is both general and specific; "man is the only erect animal," that is, mankind; but "man and wife;" the Latin would say, "*homo*, show thyself a *vir*," while the English must say, "*man*, show thyself a *man*." If the different sexes are combined in the same individual, we have a man-wo-man. If the qualities of the sexes are interchanged, we have have a feminine or womanized man, who, though not man-like, is better than an effeminate man. And sometimes we see a masculine woman, (a heroine, virago, Amazon,) who is not very feminine or lovely. A man-of-war is not a war-man, nor a man at all, but a ship; and to man that ship is not the antithesis of un-man a man.

Our word hemp, the name of an article so important in naval affairs, and for hangmen, is also needful in *canvassing* many subjects. Hemp is cannabis; by changing b into v, as we make tavern, from Latin *taberna*, so we have canvass for cannabis. Our canvass whitens the sea; but when we have a *discussion* of any subject, we *shake it apart*, as the word discussion means; and when we *canvass* it, we are *dressing hemp*, or beating and swingling it to separate the fibre from the broken pieces of the stalk, answering to the shives in flax.

A library consists of rolls of bark from trees, or of the thin layers and coats of the papyrus plant of Egypt; or of parchment, of dressed skins from Pergamos, in Asia Minor; or of blocks of *beech* wood, upon which the northern nations of Europe wrote, and thus made books; and as the fruit of the beech tree is triangular in shape, the book in the library is related to the buckwheat (beechwheat) cakes we have on the breakfast-table, for the shape of the grain buckwheat is the same as the fruit of the beech tree. A book is then a *beech*, and buckwheat is *beech*-wheat, that is, wheat of a triangular shape.

Our words *sow* and *swine*, generally, seem to have come from mount Ararat, or from Babel after the dispersion through the south of Europe. Our pork too came from Italy. But *hog* came from Wales; and the proper original word *chuk*, which is the one in wood-chuk, came from Persia, apparently above the Black Sea. It probably was intended to imitate the grunt of the animal; and Webster infers that our ancestors came from Persia, from the fact that this word, native there, is the one in common use here for calling swine. And in general, probably, it is true that an animal is the native of the country

where its name is native to the language of the country.

Just as the Latin word *res*, a thing, (from which we have *real*=true,) is connected with *re*-or, to think, so our word thing is any thing thought about. Really, a *thing* is a *think*. The word *thank* is, by the vowel change, from the same root. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called their Congress *Witenagemote*, the meeting of the wise men, or, as they met not to palaver and wrangle, that body was the *Mycelgetheath*—the Great Thought. The same assemblage is, we believe, to this day, in one of the northern nations of Europe, the All Thing=All Think. It meets to take council to *think*, and not to pour out *words* which have no thoughts in them.

We often hear of a disease called the "big head," and John Bull has it, perhaps, as much as any one. Milton somewhere compares a storm of wind in the atmosphere of the world to the act of sneezing in man's lesser universe. We know that certain points, capes, and promontories, projecting into the sea, are peculiarly liable to storms, and dangerous to navigation; and hence "the cape of storms." Cape Look-Out, on our coast, that is, cape, from Latin *caput*, head, "head of storms," "head look-out," etc. A point on the west coast of Epirus, passed on the way from Brundusium to Greece, was called Akrokeraunos, that is, the Point of Thunder, or of roaring.

Now, if we look around the coast of Great Britain, we shall find, looking out upon the ocean, all kinds of *heads* of various colors, and what is more strange, though there are a great many *mouths*, the heads and mouths are not together; and we do not notice more than one tongue among them all, and that in an out of the way place in the extreme north, where we might suppose it would be frozen up a large part of the year—a thing which might be well for some loquacious persons. In one case, too, we find a Knock-head; and more surprising than that, an Eye-Mouth, which no one ever heard of before; though we have heard of men carrying their heads under their arms.

Another alarming fact is, that if we launch forth from Portsmouth on the south, and sail east, and then north around the coast of England to Johnny Groat's House, we shall need to keep a sharp look-out; for we shall not only have a great many mouths open before us, and some eyes looking at us, though not always in the heads, (the heads are like those of the fish in the Mammoth Cave, they never had any eyes,) but if all the big noses we pass, beginning with the most dangerous one of all, Dungeness, that is, Danger-nose—if they all should begin to sneeze at the same time, when we sail around, as the fleet of Agricola did, the first time England was circumnavigated, what a storm there would be, according to Milton's idea! But if, when we set sail from Portsmouth, instead of sailing east around the *corner*, Kent, (cantium is corner,) we turn to the west, we shall fall upon the *horn* at the other corner—Cornwall is Cornu-Galliae, Horn of Gaul.

We infer that John Bull worships *the rising* more than the setting sun: though he boasts that he has no end to his day, but that just as Tacitus describes the course of the luminary in his day, in the first century after Christ, the sun does not set, but passes round. But why do we think this? Because he not only has so many heads, and mouths, and eyes, on that side, but *all his noses* point in that direction. We have already mentioned Dunge*ness* on the south, which is Dangernose, and as we go north, we find Sheer*ness*, Sheer-*nose*, Shoebury-*ness*, Foul-*ness*, Oxford-*ness*; and they thicken as we some to the coast of Scotland, where we can find any number of them, and among others a Scar-*nose*, and *Noss*-head. Whether any of these are Roman noses, (that is, came from Latin nasus, and the Roman occu-

pancy of the island four hundred years,) we can not tell: for the words, like the people, are all of the same family; and like real noses, they, as we may suppose, have a general resemblance, and yet vary in some respect. The Anglo-Saxon has a *nose* like that of St. Anthony on the Hudson river; and it has nosu, nasu, nase, nâse; the old Frisian, nearest to the English, has nose; the Dutch, neus; the Icelandic, nōs; the Swedish, näsa; the Danish, näse; the old High German, nasa; the new High German, nase; the Sanscrit, nâsâ; the Slavonic, nos; the Italian, naso; the Provençal, nas, naz; the French, nez.* A variety of these forms are found on the *east coast* of England, and this makes it so difficult to account for them, *as they are all on that side;* and except a few in Denmark and in Norway, and in the Orkneys and Iceland, scarcely found anywhere else in the world. And as *By* is the Danish for town, Naseby, of noted memory for a decisive battle fought there in 1645, would be Nose-town. There is another town of the same name on the island of Oland belonging to Sweden.

Hence Whitby, the name of a town on the east coast of England, and also of a commentator on the Holy Scriptures, means white town; and our *bye*-law, *town*-law. In Denmark is Oxby, Oxtown, and on the coast of Norway is Oxnas, Oxnose. On the east coast of England is "The Nose," and also "The Nase." The Nase at the south point of Norway is also called Lind-ness, or Lime-nose. The Scotch have a Noss-Head, and a Broom-nose, (ness;) and as the nose is Scotch, we suppose the *broom* is Scotch too. This is on the extreme north; we read of a Dutch admiral putting a broom at the mast-head of his ship, to sweep the English fleet from the channel, so the Scotch with their Broom, will sweep away the ice from the frozen ocean. But it is not the English, Scotch, and Irish alone that abound in Heads, if *the Noses are* peculiar to them, and to one side of the Island.

For if we turn to another part of the world, and a different climate, we shall find about two score of *Heads* fanned by the breezes of Araby the Blest, and those that blow soft over Ceylon's Isle. And these *heads* are related to perhaps the oldest language, and the *head* of the oldest book in the world. If we take a good atlas, and commence near the mouth of the Indus, and come west, around the Persian Gulf, the Peninsula of Arabia, and the Red Sea, and a certain distance down the coast of Africa, we shall find, at a great many points, and as far as the influence of the Arabic tongue goes—*Ras-Ras-Ras*, etc., till we are tired of the repetition, as much as in seeing *Head* so often on the coast of England and Ireland. Now if we turn to the *first word*, at the *last end* of the Hebrew Bible, (which reads all the way backward) we find, "In the Beginning," Be-Rash-ith, of which *Be* is the preposition, *in*, and *ith* is a mere termination, as in English weal-th, tru-th, mou-th, etc. These being removed, we have the primitive radical, Rash, in the Hebrew = Head; "at the head;" "in the beginning." So Ex. 12 : 2, "the beginning of months," is the same word, (root,) "the head of months," and in Prov. 8 : 22, "The Lord (Jehovah) possessed me *in* (no prep. in original) the beginning of his way before his works of old;" here is the same word as in Gen. 1 : 1, Rashith, and there seems to be an allusion by Solomon to the words of Moses. Now the Arabic is nearly related to the Hebrew, of the same family, and "now covers with its mantle of oriental beauty a large part of Western Asia and Northern Africa." So strange is it that a Ras, should be connected with the Head of the whole creation. But there is no end to wonders in language, and stranger than any thing we have yet advanced is this, that, as with nose, we have ness, and naz, and nase,

* This list is from the last edition of Webster's Dictionary.

sometimes near neighbors, and sometimes wide apart, as in Scotland and in Oland; so here, in Arabia and Africa we have Ras, but the same word is apparently a near neighbor of the heads, and mouths, and noses in Scotland itself, and if so, it will be one of the great problems in language to discover how a Hebrew and Arabic root got transplanted into the mountains of Scotland from the plains of Palestine or the burning sands of Arabia: for what is Ross, in Kinross; Rox, in Roxboro; Rose in Melrose, Montrose, and in many other words of the same form, but the same radical syllable? This has the same meaning as Ras in the Arabic language; Kinross is head of the promontory: *A* is sometimes pronounced like *a* in Albany, Raleigh, in the latter of which it is often sounded like short o, Rōleigh. And Rosh is exactly the word for head in Ps. 118 : 22, "the head of the corner." While the Celtic nations have an eastern origin, as shown by Prichard, and "led the van of occidental emigration through the wilderness of primeval Europe," coming undoubtedly above the Caspian and Black Seas; some think not only that the Celtic language is connected with the Indo-European, but also with the Semitic languages. And the author of the Universal History says: "The Celtic is a dialect of the Hebrew." As the language of the old Canaanites conquered by Joshua was similar to the Hebrew; and the Carthaginians had the same as the Canaanites; and they extended their language into Spain, and by trading or by colonizing also into Ireland and Scotland. It is said there are Druidical remains in Morocco, which show traces of Highland clans in their migrations. There was then a stream of emigration on the south, as well as on the north of the Mediterranean sea, toward England and Scotland in the earliest times, from the east. It is thought there have been several successive sets of population on this continent; and also on the west coast of the other continent, where the waves of emigration have met the waves of the Atlantic, especially on its most remote projections, as Spain, Brittany, etc.

And as in geology there are primary, secondary, tertiary, and other formations of rock on the surface of the earth, in successive layers over each other; so it may be literally in language. Some geographical names of rivers, mountains, headlands, hills, cities, etc., never die. Damascus is the same now as in the days of Abraham, two thousand years before Christ.

Suppose then an invading and conquering race, come into a country, as the Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, etc., in England, as we have taken possession in this country. This new race with a new language, find names of all these great natural objects, in the language of their predecessors; but neglecting the meaning of the words, or not understanding it, they *add* a corresponding word of their own, of the same meaning; and a third race do the same, retaining the two preceding as a compound term and adding the same, from their own tongue. Suppose, for instance, when the Romans under Agricola invaded Scotland they found a cape, headland, etc., named by the natives Ross, that is, in their tongue, not understood by the Romans, (just as the meaning of many of the Indian names here are unknown to us,) meaning *head*, promontory, mountain. Now the Romans call it Mont-Rose; then we have mount-mount literally; just as some people call a ford on the Cataba river by the name of Oxford, Oxford-ford, forgetting that *ford* is already there. Now suppose again, the Normans had come in, or the Saxons before them, and had put *cape* to this already compound, tautological term, and we would have Cape-Mont-Rose; and as cape is from Latin caput, head, we would have mount-mount-mount; or head-head-head. We do not say that this is the actual fact, but we

are illustrating the way in which this might take place very naturally; and in which it often does.

A people has died out; their language has died out as that of Cornwall has done lately—a few names of places, mountains, rivers, alone survive as their monuments; and those names not understood by their successors, but repeated as Humboldt tells us the old parrot in South-America did the language of an extinct tribe of which he was the representative, the Atures:

"As they lived, free, dauntless ever,
So the brave Aturians died,
And the green bank of the river
All their mortal relics hide.

"Yet the parrot, ne'er forgetting
Those who loved him, mourns them still,
On the stone his sharp beak whetting,
While the air his wailings fill."

But what we have supposed above, is the undoubted fact in some cases; Garnet in his Philological Essays shows this in regard to Lang-Strother, in which Strother meant originally the same as after the addition of Lang. Mountbenjerlaw, and Brindon Hill include the word Mount, Hill, *three times;* one is Welsh, another is Saxon, and the third English. Dunnet Head is probably of the same class, and many of the names of mountains in Europe, as the Cevennes, Erzgebirge, etc. It is probable that we are doing the same thing every day; when we say *robin* red-breast, we forget that we have the word *red* already in *rob*, from the Latin *rubeo*, to be red.

WOUNDING OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

THERE have been numerous and conflicting accounts of the wounding of this great leader; many written by persons who were miles away from the scene of the ever to be lamented occurrence, and of course who possessed little accurate information of the affair; while others have been written by eye-witnesses, and have been accurate, so far as each individual had an opportunity of beholding what occurred. It is a duty of those who were eye-witnesses of the affair to furnish history an account of what they saw and know to be true.

The person from whom this narrative is taken was a participant in the battle, and was near the person of the General at the time he received the fatal wounds, and assisted in bearing him from the field. Early on the morning of April 29th, 1863, General Jackson was informed by Major Hale, of General Early's staff, that the enemy was crossing the Rappahannock in force at Deep Run, two miles below Fredericksburgh, by the use of pontoon-bridges, and that a considerable force had already succeeded in effecting a landing on the southern bank of the river. General Jackson immediately dispatched orders to his division commanders to get their troops under arms, and, accompanied by his staff and escort, rode to the vicinity of Deep Run, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. It was evident, from the movements and displays the enemy made, that they were in heavy force, and wished to create the impression that the main crossing and attack would be made below Fredericksburgh, and preparations were soon made to meet them. During the day, however, a dispatch was received from General Lee stating that General J. E. B. Stuart, who was on the left wing of the army, reported the enemy to be crossing rapidly at United States Ford, fifteen miles above Fredericksburgh, and moving in heavy force to Chancellorsville. It was now apparent that their crossing at Deep Run was merely a feint; and leaving General Early to watch and check this force under Sedgwick, General Jack-

son marched with his three other divisions in the direction of Chancellorsville, where he found two divisions of Longstreet's corps, under General R. H. Anderson, confronting the enemy; uniting with this force, he continued to press forward, driving the enemy until he reached the Catherine Furnace road, which intersects the Fredericksburgh and Orange C. H. road, one mile east of Chancellorsville. It could now be seen that the two armies confronted each other, and that the Federal army had been in position a sufficient length of time to take every advantage of its naturally strong position, and had thrown up heavy intrenchments, protected along its entire front by an abattis of felled timber and innumerable batteries of artillery. So strong and well fortified was this position that the Federal commander, in a general field order to his troops, says: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." The Confederate troops were arrayed in line of battle, and an order to storm the works was hourly expected. Yet it was plain that such an attack, if unsuccessful, would be the utter destruction of our comparatively small army. During the afternoon of the 1st of May, and after the troops had rested on their arms several hours, expecting an advance, General Jackson, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, rode beyond the left of his command, and near the Catherine Furnace met General J. E. B. Stuart, and after conversing a few moments they rode still further to the left, to a knoll, where two pieces of Pelham's Horse Artillery were engaging the enemy, in order that they might get a view of the enemy's lines. General Jackson here inquired particularly about the roads beyond this point and in the vicinity of the enemy's right flank, and being apparently satisfied with what information he received, was returning to his command, when a shell exploded near the party, mortally wounding Captain Price, General Stuart's Assistant Adjutant General, which sad event detained him a short time. After this detention he rode at a gallop to the centre of the army, where a conversation was held between Generals Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill, in regard to the best point of attack, and it was decided that at early dawn Jackson's corps would move to the left *via* Catherine Furnace and the Brock road to the enemy's extreme right and attack his right flank. This movement was successfully made, and four o'clock P.M. on the 2d found Jackson in position on the old stone pike leading from Chancellorsville west toward Orange C. H. He had marched around the entire front of the Federal army, and his lines were now fronting in an opposite direction to their formation of the day previous. His corps was formed in three parallel lines extending over half a mile to the right and left of the pike. The first consisted of the division of General D. H. Hill, under General R. E. Rodes; second, that of Jackson, under General R. E. Colston; and third, that of General A. P. Hill—in all numbering twenty-seven thousand men. As soon as the lines were formed the order of advance was given, and never did troops move forward with more enthusiasm; they knew that they were striking the enemy where he least expected it, and rushed forward with that peculiar yell characteristic of the Southern soldier. Siegel's Dutch corps of the Federal army was first encountered, and being attacked on its right flank, made no attempt to change front, but was hurled like chaff before the winds. Several batteries attempted to arrest the advance of the Confederates by rapid discharges of canister, but the lines swept forward without a moment's pause, killing or capturing the cannoneers, and taking their guns. This advance was continued for over two miles, through an almost impenetrable wilderness, and over that

whole extent the ground was strewn with Federal dead and wounded, guns, knapsacks, canteens, etc. Darkness of the night now made the advance slow and hazardous. The lines were halted and reformed, and the division of General A. P. Hill advanced to the front. The Federal lines were also reforming, or rather bringing fresh troops to the front. It was now near 9 o'clock, and General Jackson, who had been for some time near the front line, rode a little in advance of it to reconnoitre the enemy's position. A heavy skirmish line had been ordered to the front, and he supposed he was in rear of this line. He was at this time accompanied by Captain J. K. Boswell, of the Engineers; Captain R. F. Wilburne, of the Signal Corps, Lieutenant J. G. Morrison, Aid-de-camp, and five or six couriers—and had ridden but a short distance down the pike, when a volley was fired at the party by the Federals in front and to the right of the road. To escape this fire, the party wheeled out of the road to the left, and galloped to the rear, when our own men, mistaking them for Federal cavalry making a charge, and supposing the firing in front to have been directed at the skirmish line, opened a galling fire, killing several men and horses, and causing the horses that were not struck to dash, panic-stricken, toward the Federal lines, which were but a very short distance in front. The General was struck in three places, and dragged from his horse by a bough of a tree. Captain Boswell was killed instantly—Lieutenant Morrison leaping from his horse, that was dashing into the enemy's lines, ran to an interval in our line, and exclaimed: "Cease firing! You are firing into our own men." A colonel commanding a North-Carolina regiment in Lane's brigade, cried out: "Who gave that order! It's a lie! Pour it into them, boys." Morrison then ran to the colonel, told him what he had done, and assisted him to arrest the firing as soon as possible. He then went to the front, in search of the General, and found him lying upon the ground, with Captain Wilburne and Mr. Wynn of the Signal Corps, bending over him, examining his wounds. In a few moments General Hill, accompanied by Captain Leigh and a few couriers, rode up to where the General was lying, and dismounted. On examining his wounds, they found his left arm broken, near the shoulder, and bleeding profusely. A handkerchief was tied around the arm so as partially to stop the bleeding. While this was being done, and while the party were bending over the General, two Federal soldiers, with muskets cocked, stepped up to the party, from behind a cluster of bushes, and looked quietly on. General Hill turned to several of his couriers, and said, in an under-tone, "Seize those men," and it was done so quickly that they made no resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, thinking that these were scouts in front of an advancing line, stepped to the pike, about twenty yards distant, to see if it were so, and distinctly saw cannoneers unlimbering two pieces of artillery in the road, not a hundred yards distant. Returning hastily, he announced this to the party, when General Hill, who was now in command of the army, immediately mounted and rode to the head of Pender's column (which was coming up by the flank) to throw it into line. He left Captain Leigh, of his staff, to assist in removing General Jackson. About this time, Lieutenant J. P. Smith, Aid-de-camp, who had been sent to deliver an order, rode up and dismounted. Captain Wilburne had gone a few moments previous after a litter. The party thought it best not to await Wilburne's return, and suggested that they bear the General off in their arms, when he replied: "No; I think I can walk." They assisted him to rise, and supported him as he walked from the woods to the pike, and toward the rear. Soon after reaching the road, they obtained a litter, and placed him on it, but had

not gone over forty yards when the battery in the road opened with canister. The first discharge passed over their heads, but the second was more accurate, and struck down one of the litter-bearers, by which the General received a severe fall. The firing now increased in rapidity, and was so terrific that the road was soon deserted by the attendants of the General, with the exception of Captain Leigh and Lieutenants Smith and Morrison. These officers lay down in the road by the General during the firing, and could see on every side sparks flashing from the stones of the pike, caused by the iron canister shot. Once the General attempted to rise, but Lieutenant Smith threw his arms across his body, and urged him to lie quiet a few moments or he would certainly be killed. After the road had been swept by this battery—by a dozen or more discharges—they elevated their guns, and opened with shell. So the little party now had an opportunity of removing their precious burden from the road to the woods on their right, and continued their course to the rear, carrying the General most of the way in their arms. Once they stopped, that he might rest, but the fire was so heavy, they thought it best to go on. The whole atmosphere seemed filled with whistling canister and shrieking shell, tearing the trees on every side. After going three or four hundred yards an ambulance was reached, containing Colonel S. Crutchfield, General Jackson's Chief of Artillery, who had just been sevérely wounded—a canister shot breaking his left leg. The General was placed in this ambulance, and, at his request, one of his aids got in to support his mangled arm. During all of this time he had scarcely uttered a groan, and expressed great sympathy for Colonel Crutchfield, who was writhing under the agonies of his shattered limb. After proceeding over half a mile, the ambulance reached the house of Mr. Melgi Chancellor, where a temporary hospital had been established. Here Dr. Hunter McGuire, Medical Director of General Jackson's corps, checked the bleeding of the General's arm, and administered some stimulants. He was then taken to a Field Infirmary, some two miles to the rear, and about two o'clock in the night his arm was amputated by Dr. McGuire, assisted by Surgeons Block, Wells, and Coleman. Before administering chloroform, Dr. McGuire asked him if, upon examination, they found it necessary to amputate the limb, must they do so. He replied: "Yes; certainly. Dr. McGuire, do for me what you think best." About half-past three o'clock, Major A. S. Pendleton, A. A. General, arrived at the hospital, and requested to see the General. He was at first refused by the surgeons, but stated that his business was of a very important character, and the safety of the army depended on it. He stated to the General that General Hill had been wounded, the troops were in great confusion, and General Stuart, who had taken command of the army, wished to know what must be done. General Jackson replied, that General Stuart must use his own discretion, and do whatever he thought best. Accurate accounts by Dr. McGuire and others of the last hours of General Jackson, have been written, and it is unnecessary that they be reproduced. On the morning of the 3d the General dispatched one of his aids to Richmond to escort Mrs. Jackson to where he lay wounded. This officer was captured by a raiding party under Stoneman, but made his escape, and, after some delay, reached Richmond, and returned with Mrs. Jackson on Thursday, the 7th. The same day the General was attacked with pneumonia, from the effects of which, together with his wounds, he died on Sunday, the 10th. During his intense suffering he displayed that Christian fortitude, which was always characteristic of our great chieftain.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. G. JENKINS.

No commander in our army was more beloved by the troops of his command than was General A. G. Jenkins, of West-Virginia. Recklessly brave, he never required his troops to go where he would not go himself. The hardships, privations, and exposures he always shared with his brigade. In the winter of '62–3, with a portion of his brigade, he made a raid to the Ohio, traversing the destitute and mountainous region lying between us and the Great Kanawha valley. To burden the troops as little as possible, and to facilitate their movements, a few ears of corn were issued to each as our rations for six days—the General included. The trip was an arduous one, and though 'twas in the midst of winter, numbers reached the Great Kanawha bootless and shoeless. The rough and sharp rocks had nearly worn out the General's boots, and his feet were so blistered that most of the upper portions of his boots were removed to make them endurable. One of the command, who had succeeded in capturing a horse, so insisted that the General should ride, he finally consented; but after riding a little way, he turned the horse over to one of the command, who could hardly have been less able to walk than himself, and uncomplainingly made the rest of the trip. What soldier who beheld that spectacle would not have followed General Jenkins?

In the summer of 1863, in sweeping around Winchester, that portion of Ewell's corps that pushed on to Martinsburgh was preceded by Jenkins's brigade. Arriving at Winchester, without waiting for the arrival of the infantry, he dismounted all of his brigade but one company, (Night-Hawks.) As the enemy commenced retreating, the Night-Hawks were ordered to charge through the town and capture a battery the enemy were attempting to remove; but by some misapprehension, the order was countermanded by the A. A. G. Jenkins coming up, however, at the time, and not knowing the cause of their hesitancy, exclaimed, "Boys, if you will not follow Captain ——, follow me;" and well they did, for though from the cross-streets and houses a continued volley was poured in their ranks, they did not falter. In a short time, six pieces of artillery, with five times their own number of prisoners, were captured. About three miles below Martinsburgh, when the continual detail to guard the captured had reduced the number to the General and three privates, he suddenly came in view of a company of infantry, drawn up in line on the right of the road. Putting on the boldest front, the General commanded, "*Right wheel into line!* Colonel ——, hold your men in readiness, but don't fire till I give command." The dust so obscured his little party that their numbers could not be detected. Turning to the company, he demanded, "Will you surrender? Do you surrender? Throw down your arms, right face, forward, march!" and he actually marched the whole company back to Martinsburgh. General Jenkins fell at Cloyd's farm, with hat in hand, in front of his troops, urging his men to "charge." His body rests near his own home on the Ohio.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

About twenty years ago, there appeared in our periodical journals, a short poem bearing the above title and credited to the Oxford edition of Milton's Works. It was admired by all readers of literary cultivation and taste. Its authenticity seems to have been questioned by none, except, perhaps, by the few who united the research of the antiquary with the learning of the scholar. The Oxford *imprimatur* was to most persons a sufficient voucher as to its origin. Then, too, the lines bore the Miltonic impress both in the sentiments and the versification. The stateliness of their movement, their rhythmical swell and sustained dignity, served to confirm the impression derived from the source from which they first issued, for these were considered so distinctively characteristic of Milton's style as never to have been successfully imitated. The fact that they had remained two centuries unknown to the world, might well suggest the suspicion of mistake or attempted imposture; but the doubt, if raised, was dispelled by the question, who but Milton was capable of writing them? who but he, who spoke as no other uninspired man ever did speak, of "The throne and equipage of God's Almightiness."

In addition to these unmistakable marks of his pen, as they were supposed to be, those familiar with his writings could not fail to observe another characteristic equally decisive —that consciousness of his own gifts and powers, or, to designate it by the proper name, that *egotism* which, when betrayed even incidentally by almost any other author, is so apt to excite the disgust of the reader, but Milton so far from attempting to conceal, everywhere boldly, and sometimes obtrusively displayed, with no other effect than to enlist our sympathies and heighten our admiration.

Having read the lines until they were imprinted on the memory, and used them for months as the means of regaling our friends, what was our surprise to see it stated on good authority, as it then seemed and has since proved to be, that, the Oxford Edition notwithstanding, they were the product of an American pen—of the pen of a lady, Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, of Philadelphia, whose name until then had been unknown to us. Their true source being thus ascertained, our first impulse was to assign to the fair author the first place in the rank of American poets, certainly the first among those of her sex. Happening not long afterward to be engaged in reading Milton's Second Defense of the People of England, our attention was arrested by a passage which seemed to furnish a solution of the mystery connected with the origin and history of the little poem. The conceptions *are* Milton's; the versification, and little else, is Miss Lloyd's.

In saying this, however, we disclaim all purpose of detracting from her merits as a poet. It is something to her credit that she should have been familiar with Milton's prose writings. For there are many professedly literary men, and still more professedly literary women, to whom these products of his mighty genius are unknown except by report, and there are others, avowing a high admiration for these writings and often using excerpts from them to garnish their own discourse, whose reading has been confined to the comparatively short and popular tractates, such as his celebrated letter on Education and his Areopagitica or Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. It is something still more to her credit that she possessed the mind and the heart—the one to comprehend and the other to appreciate—a passage of such intellectual and moral grandeur as that which supplied inspiration to her pen. And passing

over other indications of genius and skill, it is, finally, greatly to her credit, that she succeeded in transfusing the thoughts of Milton into verse so rhythmically appropriate as to deceive, however unintentionally on her part, his admirers, both in England and America.

We propose to republish the poem, partly because it is worthy of the compliment, and partly because it will probably be new to many of the readers of our magazine. We propose, also, to publish, in connection with it, the passage from Milton to which reference has been made; and this for several reasons. The correspondence between the two pieces presents a literary incident of curious interest. An occasion, we will not say excuse, is thus afforded us of introducing to our readers, to many of whom it may be new, one of the most characteristic, sublime, and beautiful passages to be found in Milton's prose writings. Although to an extent equaled by scarcely any other author he has incorporated himself, so to express it, with the productions of his pen, we know not where in the same compass he has told us so much of his person and habits, nor where he has given us an insight at once so deep and so clear into his feelings, and into the workings of that mind which, notwithstanding all the results of its gigantic labors lie before us, is still enveloped in mystery more profound than that which invests any other great genius, ancient or modern. We do not know where we shall find in the same space more memorable sayings, clothed in nobler language — sayings applicable to all the adverse conditions and vicissitudes of life, scarcely less than to the appalling calamity, as all but Milton would have regarded it, which furnished the occasion for them. As we contemplate in the light of his own truthful words his heroic purpose to persevere in what he regarded the path of duty, with this calamity threatening him at every forward step—his calm, uncomplaining resignation to the will of Providence after the dire evil had actually befallen him; and how that which would have overwhelmed and crushed any other spirit, only aroused him to enterprises of loftier import, and girded him for achievements of more enduring worth — we are no longer amazed and perplexed by the mysteriousness of the providence, but can unite with him in hailing the loss of his earthly vision as the special manifestation of the divine favor to him and to the world. Had Milton not lost his sight, the world would not have had the Paradise Lost, nor Paradise Regained, nor Samson Agonistes, or, if at all, not as they now are, nor so worthy of the world's admiration.

We are aware how unwelcome is a long 'grace' when the appetite is whetted for the repast, and such, to some degree, is that of the reader, unless we have failed utterly in the design of these prefatory remarks; so we add merely that, in order to designate some points of correspondence between the original and the imitation, we have put a few passages of the former in italics.

LINES BY MISS LLOYD.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted by my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapped in radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
Thy being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

EXTRACT FROM MILTON.

Let us now come to the charges which were brought against myself. Is there any thing reprehensible in my manners or my conduct? Surely nothing. What no one, not totally divested of all generous sensibility, would have done, he reproaches me with want of beauty and loss of sight:

"A monster huge and hideous, void of sight."

I certainly never supposed that I should have been obliged to enter into a competition for beauty with the Cyclops; but he immediately corrects himself and says, "though not indeed huge, for there can not be a more spare, shriveled, and bloodless form." It is of no moment to say any thing of personal appearance, yet lest (as the Spanish vulgar, implicitly confiding in the relations of their priests, believe of heretics) any one, from the representations of my enemies, should be led to imagine that I have either the head of a dog, or the horn of a rhinoceros, I will say something on the subject, that I may have an opportunity of paying my grateful acknowledgments to the Deity, and of refuting the most shameless lies. I do not know that I was ever once noted for deformity, by any one who ever saw me; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature certainly is not tall; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Yet what if it were diminutive, when so many men, illustrious both in peace and war, have been the same? And how can that be called diminutive, which is great enough for every virtuous achievement? . . . I wish I could with equal facility refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness; but I can not do it; and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. But why should not I endure a misfortune, which it behoves every one to be prepared to endure if it should happen; which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man; and which has been known to happen to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history. [Here follow the names of various characters answering to the description just given as distinguished and virtuous persons. He then proceeds with his own case, thus:] And with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity, which might have deservedly marked me out as a fit subject for such a calamitous visitation.

But since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote any thing which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty.

Thus, therefore, when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the Defense of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty. . . . I considered that many had purchased a less good by a

greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honorable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem: I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy as beneficial as possible to the public interest. Thus it is clear by what motives I was governed in the measures which I took and the losses which I sustained. Let then the calumniators of the divine goodness cease to revile, or to make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider that my situation, such as it is, is *neither an object of my shame or my regret;* that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken; that *I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure;* that on the other hand, in the most momentous periods, I have had full experience of the divine favor and protection; and that, in the solace and the strength which have been diffused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God; that I may oftener think on what he has bestowed, than on what he has withheld; that, in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness of rectitude with that of any other person; and that I feel the recollection a treasured store of tranquillity and delight. But, if the choice were necessary, I would, sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from my view only the colored surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides, which I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see? There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence the more clearly shines; then, *in the proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong;* and in the proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. Oh! that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness I enjoy, in no inconsiderable degree, the favor of the Deity, who regards me with the more tenderness and compassion in the proportion *as I am able to behold nothing but himself.* Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns and merits public execration! For the divine law not only shields me from injury, *but almost renders me too sacred to attack;* not, indeed, so much from the privations of my sight, *as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings* which seem to have occasioned this obscurity; and which when occasioned He is wont to illuminate with *an interior light more precious and more pure.*

SKETCH OF PLAN OF OPERATIONS FOR THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1865.

SHERMAN'S ultimate objective point is doubtless Richmond, before which he expects to form a junction with Grant, forcing General Lee either to evacuate Virginia, or to accept battle at great disadvantage, and with certain defeat by superior numbers. His immediate objective points are possibly Fayetteville, and certainly Raleigh and Petersburg. His present position (at or near Camden, S. C.) and movements indicate a purpose to avoid Charlotte, and to move on Fayetteville either directly or through Wilmington by way of Cheraw or Florence, effecting a junction with Schofield, from Wilmington, whose force is about 15,000 men. I estimate Sherman's force at not exceeding 35,000 men, exclusive of 4000 cavalry.

This plan of campaign may be signally foiled:

1st. The troops now concentrated under Hardee at Cheraw, some 10,000 infantry and light artillery, in conjunction with the cavalry under Hampton, should oppose Sherman's advance, and do all possible to delay his march, making an obstinate defense of the line of the Pedee, for a time at least.

2d. The forces at Charlotte, about 6000 infantry and light artillery, should be sent by rail, *via* Raleigh, to Smithfield, N. C., as soon as Sherman's movements are uncovered so clearly as to indicate his line of march to be the one anticipated.

3d. From Smithfield this force should march at the proper moment, and form a junction, at or in advance of Fayetteville, with Hardee, who would fall back gradually before Sherman.

4th. Bragg should retire from his present position about Fish Creek, near Wilmington, by railroad to Warsaw, and march thence to Fayetteville, (47 miles,) so as to reach that place at the same time with the troops from Charlotte. He should cover or conceal his movements, from Schofield by his cavalry, and a strong line of skirmishers, and some light artillery, which may be sacrificed if necessary.

By these means there would be assembled at Fayetteville:

Hardee's corps, (infantry and artillery,)	10,000
Army of Tennessee, . . .	6,000
Bragg's forces, ...	10,000
Infantry and artillery,	26,000

But Sherman will have a well-disciplined and organized army of 35,000 men, flushed with a series of successes, to cope with which, especially in the present condition of our forces, we should have at least an equal number of men. The deficiency of some 9000 men can only be drawn in season for the emergency, from General Lee's army, and I would urge that that number of men be held to be detached for the service, in time to effect a junction with the other troops to be concentrated at Fayetteville. We could then confidently attack Sherman, expect to destroy his army, and be left free at once to effect a junction with General Lee, with all our forces, except perhaps Bragg's corps, which might be required to watch Schofield. We could then attack Grant with superior numbers and defeat him signally.

Should Sherman, however, be able to effect a junction with Schofield, he will then have about 50,000 men, a force which would be too large to contend with, as arranged in the foregoing sketch.

In such a contingency, I can see no other means of preventing the complete attainment of the main objects of Sherman's campaign than by the prompt evacuation of our lines at Petersburg, and the occupation of those prepared for such an emergency around Richmond, and by detaching 25,000 men to unite with the force

already in North-Carolina, and give immediate battle to Sherman, which could be done with almost certain decisive success. After which the whole army should be hastened back to Virginia to raise the siege of Richmond.

Present events tending to force the evacuation of Richmond, it would seem a necessary part of the strategy of the campaign that the Confederate States Government should be previously removed to some point that would free the army from the necessity of protecting it, and thus, at the same time, diminish the importance which the enemy attaches to Richmond as the capital of the Confederate States.

Respectfully submitted.

Charlotte, N. C., March 1, 1865.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General.

To Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
Commanding Dept., etc., etc.,
Charlotte, N. C.

CONCERNING CONCEIT.

PRIDE may be called the *Proteus* of the whole brood of evil passions. Many would not be slow also to declare it the parent of them all. Some divines have regarded it as man's original sin; and Milton is very well satisfied that it was the root of evil in Satan's case. It may be defined to be the feeling which is aroused by the perception of some supposed advantage or superiority over others. Pride, therefore, implies comparison. One could no more be proud without reference to another whom he apprehended to be inferior, than he could be taller without reference to another who was shorter. But its manifestations are diverse. One proud man is prompted to evince the comparative feeling which possesses him, by depreciating his fellow who is the object of the comparison, and thus his pride becomes haughtiness. Another, of a different temperament, evinces the same feeling by attempting to display his own superiority, instead of degrading his rival; and then we call his pride vanity or conceit. In one man, pride is suspicious, envious, and ready to take the alarm, at the appearance of competition; in another it is so happily confirmed, that it reposes good-naturedly in the sense of its unapproachable superiority, and is condescendingly kind to the rest of mortals.

As pride is the feeling which arises upon the apprehension of some superiority in self, and as self-love is universal, it would appear evident that all men must be sensible to this pleasure. In other words, every body has his conceit. And it is the prerogative of this foible to bid defiance to right reason, in the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind. Greatness is no guarantee against the indulgence of conceit, about things of which, even though pride were proper in other excellencies, it is preposterous to be proud. How often is the statesman, whose skill in arts or arms is admired and envied by all the world, more gratified by his dexterity in some game of chance? It is said that Alexander the Great plumed himself upon his ability to hold more wine than any other mortal; that Cicero was especially vain of his readiness at puns; that the great Napoleon was vain of a beautiful hand; and that even the lofty Washington was conceited about his horsemanship. Moralists are much given to a species of grave amusement, which consists in bringing the vagaries of the human heart to the measuring-rod of reason, in order that the absurdity of their form may be made evident. There is no feeling which offers a better subject for this than conceit. The multitudes, who plume themselves upon their family descent, are gravely asked,

whether they suppose the merit of the qualities which distinguished their ancestors, is heritable, like their lands and bullocks, and are reminded that if they have not similar personal merits of their own, the distinction of their race is only a pedestal, upon which their defect is elevated that it may be more extensively despised. The purse-proud are reminded that money just as often represents the fraud, stinginess, and sordid meannesses by which it has been acquired, as any admirable quality. Cowper skillfully analyzes the illusion by which the inflated squire expands his personality, in a certain sense, over his possessions, and arrogates excellence to himself from the superior fatness of his clods, the bigness of his bullock and swine, and the fleetness of his horse and dog; and very faithfully exhorts him upon this sort of petit-larceny of merits:

"Leave Ringwood's praise alone;
The hound, more honest, envies not thine own."

For which virtuous interposition honest Ringwood was doubtless duly grateful, unless, indeed, his dogship took this not unnatural view of the matter, that the proper business of the master, who could speak, was to sound the praises of the dog, who could not—an arrangement which made the beast the important character, and the man his lackey. But the best butt of all is the vanity of the male or female fopling. How unworthy, that a creature whose prime distinction is his rationality, should neglect the graces of the soul, to adorn the part which allies him with beasts and reptiles! That he who is, in his own resources, the most naked and helpless of bipeds, should ruffle so conceitedly in the borrowed spoils of birds, sheep, and silkworms! That the breast should be filled and the cheek be flushed with as proud a glow, for the newly discovered color of a ribbon, the unprecedented involutions of a bow, or the placing of a button where a button was never placed before, as that which might thrill the heart of the patriot who is hailed as the Father of his country! But the most biting part of the jest is, that the high immortal, in this his chosen competition with the lowly animal, should always be surpassed by his irrational rivals; being outdone in gracefulness by a cat, in sleekness by a snake, in swiftness by a fox, and in strength by an ass.

This satire has too its sacred part; for conceit has not hesitated in its *protean* changes to assume the guise of sanctity. Divines find their subject of similar rebuke, in "spiritual pride;" that preposterous inflation, which presumes upon its possession of much Christianity, forgetting that this is professedly a religion for spiritual paupers, the foundation of which is laid in the doctrine of total and original depravity, whose prime exercises are confessing and begging, whose scheme God devised expressly to "exclude boasting," and whose most appropriate grace is humility. But nevertheless does conceit make a pretext of this religion, to say: "Stand by thyself; come not nigh me; I am holier than thou." Does the victim of this pride detect it, and cast it out by the door? It returns by the window, for forthwith his heart begins to whisper, with new pride: "Soul, how lovely is thy humility!" Does he now perceive that he is vain of his very lowliness? Then his heart whispers still another cause of self-gratulation: "Soul, how keen thy perspicacity! Thou canst analyse thyself with lightning clearness. Thou art not, like duller mortals, the victim of self-ignorance and unconscious delusions!"

Suppose, reader, that you should hear the retort made upon the critic himself: "And is not thine likewise a conceit, which prompts thee to probe so keenly the conceit of others? Is not satire also the language of pride and arrogance?" Let us suppose that an application should be made to him, of the fable of Diogenes and Alexander the Great, which relates that the cynic philosopher, entering the presence of the king with disrespectful indifference, said, "I

trample on the pride of Alexander;" when the latter answered: "Yes, and with greater pride." Still, Diogenes will reply, that, if he is himself convicted of the universal malady, it is only another evidence of the proposition which he set out to illustrate; which was, its universality. And Diogenes's conceit will teach him to urge this as an argument *à fortiori;* how subtile must the *Proteus* be, if he reduces even the acute cynic to his herd?

Conceit, however, manifestly afflicts its victims unequally. Some nations betray a much stronger proclivity to it than others. The Continentals think that, in its haughtier forms, it is peculiarly prominent in John Bull, who is religiously persuaded that Britannia rules the waves; that her queen is the first of queens; that her capital is the biggest of cities; that the British Parliament is the wisest of legislatures; that Bull himself is right by prescription in all his opinions; that his social state and wealth are so enviable in the eyes of the less fortunate remainder of mortals, that every one he meets is, of course, scheming to intrude into their enjoyment by some illicit means; and that London fog, beef-steak, and brown-stout are unquestionably superior to those institutions in any other land.

But the acute biographer of Captain Sam Slick has propounded the opinion that the conceit of the "universal Yankee nation" is far superior, and confessedly "beats creation;" an opinion in which not only the British people, but mankind in general, are now almost unanimously agreed. And, as it is the established doctrine with the American people, that the majority must always be right, this conclusion must be accepted as indisputable, that we *are* the most conceited people in the world. Should the reader happen to bring together the beginning and end of this portion of our essay, thus getting the initial and concluding facts into juxtaposition, that, according to Milton, sin first began in Satan's pride, and that the Yankee is the most conceited of men, we caution him to remember, that the inference thereby suggested is not ours, but Milton's—and the majority's. And it was a Yankee (not we) who was heard arguing from this trait of his compatriots, most ingeniously, as follows: "The Yankee can not go to heaven; proof—those who go there will be satisfied there. But the Yankee is so thoroughly convinced that he is 'cuter' than every body else, that no one can 'fix' things so well, but that he will see a way to 'improve' them, and itch to do it. But things in heaven are unchangeable, and so can not be improved." Q. E. D.

But, more seriously, conceit is undoubtedly the fruitful mother of speculative error. The pert and vain understanding is determined to utter something notable; and so, rather than win a true distinction by the only honest mode, ("to scorn delights and live laborious days,") it affects the skeptic or transcendentalist. Hence this age, like most others, swarms with a race of half-fledged mystics, pantheists, and unbelievers, who are heretical in theology and philosophy from sheer affectation and vanity; who go about retailing the cant of their heresiarchs, and uttering obscure novelties, (old errors revived,) as a sort of cheap substitute for profundity. They tell us with a sigh, that they can no longer be satisfied (they wish they could!) with the views of philosophy and theology which satisfied a Gassendi, a Bacon, a Newton, a Clarke, and a Butler. They have dived deeper into the abysses of the "intuitional consciousness," and have gained a clearer insight into truth. Sometimes they are heard, with a conceit still more affected, professing a wish that they could believe as their fathers did. They really admire Jesus of Nazareth; indeed, they are quite disposed to patronize him. They are willing, at least, to give him one niche in their gallery of heroes, along with a Zoroaster, a Woden, a Socrates, a Mohammed, a Napoleon, and a Kant. They avow that this

thing the Christians call faith, would be very pleasing; it is so child-like, so composing, so beautiful. But, alas! they must pay the penalty of their greater wisdom; their superior light must needs dissipate those graceful and venerable myths which at once awed and fascinated the ruder minds we have mentioned, and so they are compelled to relinquish the pleasing puerilities of the Bible, although it is done quite sadly.

Now what is all this but mere conceit? which rather than permit its authors to pass along in that obscure mediocrity which is their due, will be singular by being erroneous; which prefers to be cheated, rather than to be insignificant. And what is the true motive of the species of diction which they affect, where perspicuous simplicity is carefully shunned, where new or perverted terms are employed to express old ideas, in order that the unsubstantial character of the thought may be concealed by the tinsel of seeming novelty, and where speculations are obtruded, not because they are seen to be true, but because they are believed to be ingenious? So, much of the maudlin profundities of transcendentalism is but a trick of its teachers to flatter themselves and their pupils into a belief of their own intellectual greatness. It is thus the plan works: Let the author fill his pages with a flood of strange, long, hard terms, which shall be sufficiently unintelligible, and yet tease the reader's mind with the phantom of a resemblance to sense and solid reason, and let him make himself, by some artifice, "the fashion" in the literary clique which he affects. As the pupil fares along through his lucubrations, like Milton's Satan through Chaos, "nigh foundered, treading the crude consistence half on foot, half flying," his mental vanity very surely furnishes the desired inference. Says the reader: "If these speculations are thus obscure to my acute discrimination, (his possession of which is self-evident,) how grandly profound must be the mind which could produce them all!" So likewise the master provides for the scholar a ready recompense for this tribute of adulation, in a cognate deduction. It is this: "But I also comprehend and love, at least, much of this high mystery, which to the baser many is a sealed book. Am I not also entitled to call myself of the esoteric circle?" So, conceit spurs on the reader to applaud and ape his Coryphæus, to echo his muddy dicta, and to attempt to babble in his pedantic gibberish. The writers and the readers of this species of philosophy, falsely so-called, form a species of "mutual admiration society."

Intellectual vanity has done yet wider mischief in another way, which, if less criminal and disreputable, has been more general. This foible perpetually betrays men into an overweening confidence in the certainty of the deductions of reason, and a disregard for its proper limitations. Men speculate as boldly as though a thousand errors had not evinced the liability of their understandings to error; and when once their darling speculations are published, conceit forbids that they should be questioned. It is not pleasant to him whose trade is philosophizing, to remember how often the current and general opinions of ages have been found at fault; how not only propositions which were believed to be the clearest deductions of science have been exploded, but dogmas held for necessary axioms have been shown to be not even truths, and much less self-evident truths; for how many generations the Ptolemaic system of the skies was held, and how, after Galileo had seen its undoubted falsity in the first revelations of his rude telescopes, the logicians both of Rome and Geneva continued to prove by rule and figure of logic, that it was undoubtedly true; how the scholastic ages founded their systems of pneumatics and hydrostatics upon the axiom that "nature abhors vacuum," until Torricelli showed that this abhorrence only extended to the height of thirty-three feet, over an

inclosed column of water; how even *Des Cartes* was governed in his theory of the movements of the universe by the old maxim "that no body can act where it is not," while Newton showed that every instance of planetary attraction, that great law which binds the worlds in order, was an example of a body exerting its force beyond the limits of its own existence; and above all, how the Scriptures, in teaching us that God made the world out of nothing, exploded that proposition, which the whole ancient world had held as self-evident, that eternal, self-existent matter was as necessary to the creative act as an eternal, self-existent Creator. Were the wise men of olden times fools, as compared with us? Should we conclude them so, this would be the best proof that we are the fools above all predecessors. They were *men;* and the proper inference to be drawn from their persistent errors, is that the human understanding, though a precious instrument when guided by caution, humility and diligence, is an instrument at best feeble and imperfect.

It had been well for man, also, if he had exercised lowliness enough to acknowledge what the human mind can not compass, and to recognize its proper limitations. Most speculative errors may be traced to an unwillingness to acquiesce in inscrutable mystery as one of their sources. Men have been like Milton's evil angels, who sought to beguile the pains of their remorse:

> "Reasoning high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Thus have they been ever beating against the walls of the incomprehensible. As the crowning absurdity of this intellectual conceit stands the axiom that nothing can be believed which is not also intelligible. Men forget that while the evidence on which we believe must be intelligible, in order to produce rational belief, the proposition evidenced may be in large part unintelligible, and yet be most manifestly true. Indeed, by this arrogant rule we could believe nothing, for there is nothing so familiarly known that it does not involve an incomprehensible mystery. When man has learned the highest wisdom of his race, every blade of grass which he crushes beneath his feet involves a mystery which he can not solve, and an organism whose construction he can not imitate. Does he study himself, the knowing, intelligent subject? He does not know what is the tie which connects the conscious spirit with the corporeal senses through which alone he studies and observes. Does he speculate about the organic world, and display his learning about all trees, from the cedar of Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He can not define that vegetable life which gives character to them all, nor tell what he means by the vitality which distinguishes a plant from a stone, or that which separates a man from a plant.

It is a familiar and just trope which represents intellection by vision, truth by light, and ignorance by darkness. The limited domain of any finite mind may therefore be aptly compared to a circle of light bounded by darkness. The circle of light possessed by the learned is wider than that beheld by the unlearned—both alike have their circumferences of darkness. There is no line of light radiating from the centre, or crossing the illuminated disk as a chord, which does not gradually hide its ends in thick night. Let man increase his knowledge, and thereby extend his circle of light—still he has only pushed off a little farther the dark boundary of the unknown; and he has increased also the length of that circumference of ignorance by which his knowledge is bounded. He has just so much multiplied the points at which his knowledge terminates in the unknown. He, therefore, who knows most is most conscious of ignorance. The greater the

points at which he feels himself arrested by his own ignorance.

Hence it follows that the wisest are ever the most humble. It is the sciolist who is puffed up by his scanty acquisitions. "With the lowly is wisdom." It follows equally that with the increase of knowledge, humility of mind becomes more and more necessary. As the points are multiplied where knowledge is arrested by the unknown, more frequent and larger demands are made upon the submissive spirit, to own its weakness, and pause in its inquiries. This will be true even in heaven; for as man can never become omniscient, one effect of the increase of his powers and knowledge will be to extend the length of that boundary of darkness by which his vision will still be embraced. As questions are solved which are now mysteries to us, new mysteries will emerge, grander, more profound, more numerous, of whose existence our feeble minds are now unconscious. The new truths acquired will doubtless explain many things now inexplicable, in the relations of the truths we now hold; but those new truths will also doubtless unfold novel and grand relations between themselves, disclosing the existence of still higher mysteries, before which the soul must still bow. So that by the very reason more is comprehended, more things must be believed which can not be comprehended.

Pride and conceit are aspiring; and yet it is demonstrable that their whole brood are debasing to the soul in which they harbor, while humility is elevating. Pride and humility imply a comparison between him who feels them and some other. The proud man is proud because he fancies himself superior in something to the person with whom he compares himself. The humble man is humble, because he sees himself below the standard of his comparison. In the numerous gradations of wisdom and excellence, any person who is neither in the lowest place of all nor in the seat of divine perfection has both superiors and inferiors. He might, therefore, either feel pride as he compared himself with those below him, or humility as he measured himself with those above him. This, then, is the character of pride and conceit, to look habitually downward at the inferiority and defects beneath them. But the trait of the humble man is, that he contemplates, and aspires after the excellence that is above him. He is humble, because he looks ever above him, at a standard of excellence which attracts and elevates, while it rebukes him. Which, then, is the ennobling habit of soul? It is humility which sets the soul in the path of ascending excellence; while pride, looking at the abject things beneath itself, places it in the indolent and vile descent toward those groveling things with which alone its selfishness will permit comparison.

These diverse influences are propagated in two ways. The sense of defect is the *stimulus* to effort. He who looks above and is perpetually humbled by his sense of inferiority, finds in the habitual objects of his comparison at once the spur to nobler exertions, and the model for his self-improvement. But he who only gratifies his self-love by comparisons which may minister arguments for self-gratulation, is attracted away from consciousness of defect, and consequently makes no effort to rise. Second, the character is always assimilated to the objects with which it is most familiar. And with what object can the soul be so truly said to converse as with those by which it habitually measures itself? Since it is the nature of humility to measure itself by things nobler than itself, and of pride to compare itself only with the viler, humility is the ennobling, aspiring temper, and pride the abject and degrading. Pride is the vulture, which fancies that it is soaring at a lofty height as it prowls on level wing above the tree-tops, because its eyes are ever bent downward to the garbage on which it battens. Humility is the eagle, which,

as she soars beyond mortal ken toward the sun, says not that she is high, because her eye is filled with the glories of the Empyrean to which she mounts.

It may now be comprehended why profound humility is the characteristic of the noblest natures. And it may be justly concluded of every system of education, or of social or religious institutions, that just in proportion as they generate conceit, they are mischievous and corrupting.

THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.

The hyena complained to the leopards that the lion was growing lordly and lazy, and lay snoring in his den, surrounded by his lioness and cubs, while the poor jackal had to hunt for him, bring in the prey, and divide it with the idle pack. A pleasant-looking leopard, whose white spots shone brightly on a ground of copper, replied that the Great Spirit had given the jackal an instinct to hunt for the lion, and that he had never been known to hunt for himself without the supervision of the beast which protected him. "But," answered the hyena, "the old jackal-driver is saucy as well as lazy, and growls contemptuously at his betters, who hunt and kill their own lambs in an honest way." Thereupon a howl was raised, and the beasts all resolved to go to the lion's den and chastise him for his insolence. And the fox made them a song for their march about the wrongs and ill-treatment of the jackal. But when they came to march, the orator and the poet and the benevolent leopard all hung back. The hyena said that he had to stay behind to attend to the national interests of the beasts, that his hatred of the lion was well known, and that the recusant leopard should be forced to go, since his friendship for the lion was notorious.

The fox said he must stay with his foxess, who was in a delicate way, and one of the little ones had been out too late at a hen-roost, and had caught a very bad cold. "But," he added, looking at the lagging leopard, "I hate all who are skulking behind through friendship for the wicked old jackal-driver."

So the kind leopard was forced to join the army, and his friends were so pleased with his conduct that they gave him the post of honor and of danger.

On reaching the lion's den, and making known their message to the savage tyrant, he roared terribly and sprang upon his old friend and mangled him in a very unfriendly way. So the beasts marched back to their own country and held a grand powwow. The mangled leopard wanted the hyena to take his place, but the hyena said that he was needed "to stir the great heart of the nation" at home, and suggested that the Bengal tiger be sent for.

The fox said that though the health of the foxess was not yet restored, and though his unfortunate son was still suffering from a cold, he was willing to make sacrifices for the good of the common cause, and would take any profitable contract for sharpening the claws and whetting the teeth of the warriors in the field. Unhappy fox that he was, he could not give his services for nothing, since he wanted a little jewelry and a few delicacies for his afflicted dame. So the Bengal tiger was sent for, and told of all the sins of the atrocious despot. The fox sharpened his claws and whetted his teeth, and sung him the song, "'Tis sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "What are ye afther paying?" replied the tiger. The hyena patted him on the shoulder, called him a fine fellow, and said

he knew that the best fighters in the world came from the bogs and jungles of Bengal. "What are ye afther paving?" once more replied the tiger.

The lazy old lion, unconscious of the formidable preparations, had bragged over his victory until he had fallen into a sound sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by the roar of a vast multitude of furious animals around him. One of his cubs, seeing what the end must be, went out, kissed the great toe of the tiger, told him that he was always opposed to this jackal-driving, and thought his sire was a wicked old wretch. And to show his zeal and sincerity, attacked him in his most vulnerable parts.

A great battle ensued. The tiger lost his right eye, the deserter cub had his ear cropped off, the friendly leopard was worse lacerated than before, but the leopards with the black spots kept out of the *melée*, till the old lion was slain. Now, then, while all were resting from the toils of conflict, a voice was suddenly heard. It was from the hyena, (which was supposed to be a great way off,) in the attitude of triumph, on the carcass of the dead lion. "My friends, *we* have gained a great victory, and though I have been somewhat aided by the Great Spirit, remember that *I* brought on this fight. *I* always predicted its happy issue, *I* always cheered the faint-hearted, *I* always forced in the reluctant. *Me*, my fellow-beasts will recognize as the author of war and the organizer of victory." Next, the treble pipe of the fox was heard: "Fellow-soldiers, *my* odes have led you to glory, *my* labors in whetting the teeth and sharpening the claws have insured a brilliant success. *Brother warriors*, let us take off the hide of the tyrant and clothe the ill-used jackal." The leopards with the black spots growled their approbation. So they clad the poor jackal with the lion's skin and adopted him into the family of beasts. The jackal, in his new dress, thought that he must play the lion, and refused to hunt for his prey. Some days elapsed, when the hyena and the fox passed by the den in gay military costume. (National affairs were not now so urgent, and the foxess was much better.) A flight of buzzards and a noisome smell warned them that death had been busy there. "'Tis the rotten old tyrant," said the hyena. "No," answered the fox, "look, 'tis our poor friend, the jackal, he has starved to death;" and here the fox put his tail to his eye and seemed to weep. "Never mind your sentimental nonsense," said the hyena, "isn't the haughty tyrant dead also?" "Ah! that thought comforts me," replied the fox.

MORAL.

Do your own hunting, and mind your own business.

HINTS TO PARENTS.*

We believe that all known religious systems, whether true or false, enjoin fasting as a duty. The Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoos, the Mohammedans, the American Indians, as well as the nations of Christendom, have their stated periods of abstinence from food and carnal indulgence. This, like the wide-spread belief in vicarious suffering, an universal deluge, a world of supreme happiness or eternal misery, seems to point to a common origin for our race. A common tradition in all parts of the world, among all classes and conditions of men, implies necessarily the same starting-point.

It is scarcely possible that an iden-

* Continued from May number.

tity of belief could have sprung up simultaneously upon so many different subjects, among such numerous nations and tribes in parts so remote from each other, and connected by so little social and commercial intercourse. That would be a greater miracle than any recorded in the Bible. Certainly, it is easier to conceive that the Caucasian and African have been "made of one blood," than that such distinct portions of mankind should concur in certain opinions, which they all claim to have been handed down among them from generation to generation. The skeptic rejects the teaching of the Bible as too hard for belief, only to adopt the most childish credulity upon other subjects. Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, could not credit the miracles of the Bible, but found no difficulty in believing that God had wrought a special miracle in his own case, and in answer to his prayer had signified by a voice from heaven the divine approbation of the publication of a paltry book. The infidels of the French Revolution proclaimed that the age of faith had passed, and that the age of reason had come, and they scornfully rejected a pure and holy God of infinite wisdom, to worship an impudent courtesan, as the Goddess of Reason.

Cordially accepting the Bible as the word of God, and fully believing that it teaches that "all mankind descended from Adam and Eve by ordinary generation," we look to its sacred pages to discover the origin, intent, and signification of a religious rite that has prevailed in all ages of the world, and among all nations civilized and uncivilized, heathen and evangelical.

Some suppose that the first fast spoken of in the Bible is that of Abraham on the occasion of the death of his wife, and that the second is that of Jacob when it was reported to him that his son Joseph had been torn in pieces by wild beasts. But there is nothing in the Hebrew word, which in our English version has been rendered "mourn," that necessarily implies that either the bereaved husband or father exhibited grief by abstinence from food.

We assume, then, that the first recorded fasts are those of the great leader of Israel. Three are mentioned, each of forty days' duration. The first, previous to receiving the tables of the law; the second, on account of the sin of the children of Israel in making and worshiping the golden calf; the third, on renewing the tables, which had been broken. It is a significant fact that these first recorded fasts were all with respect to that pure and holy law, which the heaven-appointed promulger foresaw would be broken to the end of time. Hence his humiliation and self-mortification in the presence of its dread Author.

We next read that Joshua and the Hebrew rulers wept, fasted, and bemoaned themselves before God on account of the repulse at Ai. We learn that Elijah fasted forty days and nights, and this seems to have been in preparation for meeting the Lord of Hosts on Mount Horeb.

David fasted when his child of treachery and sin lay on its death-bed. Daniel fasted and made confession of sin for himself and his people. Samuel, Ahab, Jehosaphat, the Ninevites, etc., fasted in order to avert threatened calamities. Moses appointed one stated day in the year—the tenth of the month Tisri, on which all the tribes of Israel were to fast and make confession of sin. The Greeks had likewise a stated annual fast in which cakes could be eaten, but not animal food. Horace ridicules, in his own peculiar vein, the superstitious mother who exposed her son naked on the banks of the Tiber on a fast day, that she might thereby show her thankfulness to the gods for his recovery from a fever. The satirist thought that the gratitude of the mother would certainly bring on the death of the child by an ague worse than the fever he had escaped. A learned commentator tells us that the rite of fasting was introduced among the Romans by Hebrews, Egyptians, and Chal-

deans. There seems to be no room to doubt that all of them derived the rite originally from the Israelites. It has been accompanied, in whatsoever age or part of the world found, with the idea that mortification of the body, self-abasement, and self-denial, are pleasing to the offended majesty of Heaven. Back of this lies the thought that the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; "and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Just as the body of man obstructs the light of day (the symbol of Deity), does his animal nature prevent the shining of spiritual light into his soul. Let him walk out on some bright day and he will see in the shadow cast on the ground a sombre image of himself, its groveling and its blackness proclaiming the degradation, and the guilt wrought by this body of sin and of death. Hence conquest over the sensual part of our being was so prominent in the Christian scheme of religion. Deny thyself and take up thy cross was the constant teaching of its founder. The cross was not merely the prophetic badge of suffering to be endured, but also the glorious ensign under which victory was to be won over the flesh. Hence the first preachers of the gospel frequently spoke of the body as crucified, and already dead, no longer a source of corruption to the soul. "Now if we be dead with Christ we believe that we also shall live with him." "Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." "Wherefore, if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world;" "for if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with him;" "we being dead to sin should live to righteousness."

It is not strange that under such instruction the primitive Christians should have been so distinguished for austerity and unworldliness. Gibbon has said of them: "Their serious and sequestered life, averse to the gay luxury of the age, inured them to chastity, temperance, economy, and all the sober domestic virtues. As the greater number were of some trade or profession, it was incumbent on them by the strictest integrity, and the fairest dealing, to remove the suspicions which the profane are too apt to conceive against the appearances of sanctity. The contempt of the world exercised in them habits of humility, meekness, and patience. Even their faults, or rather errors were derived from an excess of virtue. Ambitious to exalt the perfection of the Gospel above the wisdom of philosophy, the zealous fathers carried the duties of self-mortification, of purity, and of patience, to a height which it is scarcely possible to attain, and much less preserve in our present state of weakness and corruption." The Mosaic economy aimed at the same thing as the Christian, in the destruction of greed, covetousness, and worldliness in every form. The Israelite, however far he dwelt from Jerusalem, had to leave his business, his farm, his home, and journey thither three times a year with all his family. He had to pay a tenth of all that he possessed to the Levites, and to give contributions of other sorts amounting in all to not less than a fifth of his entire income. His land had to lie uncultivated every seventh year. His *Hebrew* slave became a freeman after six years' service. He could perform no labor in the year of jubilee, and then the fields and houses which he had bought must return to their original owners. The primitive Christians went beyond even this. They sold their possessions and had all things in common.

Now we are far from recommending asceticism. We fear that it too often ends in gloom, sourness, moroseness, and fault-finding. We like to see contentment and cheerfulness always, and fun and frolic in their proper places. But we do recommend having the passions and appetites in such perfect control that they may never be injurious to ourselves or others. Believing that the Author of Chris-

tianity is a God of benevolence, we believe also that his injunction of self-denial is meant to promote the happiness of his creatures. We have no doubt that the man of fewest wants is the happiest man. Artificial desires increase more rapidly than their possible gratification. The child is as much pleased with a rusty nail, an old piece of iron, a fragment of broken plate, as with the rarest and most costly toy, until you have cultivated and developed in him a taste for the latter. Then he soon wearies of it, and wants a new one. Get that, and he whines for a third, and so the craving is never and can never be satisfied. It is thus with grown-up children. Indulgence can never sate the longing for some as yet untasted joy. Hence man is happy just in proportion to his independence of his appetites. Of a numerous staff, we thought him to be the most habitually cheerful who used nor spirits, nor tobacco, nor coffee, nor tea. It has come within the knowledge of the most careless observer that the self-indulgent are never satisfied — the selfish never happy; while the continent is ever content, and the generous is always good-humored.

But we go further than this, we believe self-indulgence and selfishness incompatible with greatness. We place these two terms together because they are closely allied. The self-indulgent man may not at first be selfish, nor is he necessarily hard-hearted. His natural impulses may be all kind. But whenever his own ease and personal gratification are to be surrendered for the good of country or of individuals, he is incapable of the sacrifice. War, which calls for the greatest amount of physical endurance and mental anxiety, detects the latent selfishness of the self-indulgent. Hence the unmanly expedients of this class of persons to shun military service. Hence the magnificent failures of all such men in responsible positions. A general officer, in speaking to the writer of the disastrous career of one whose name is almost the synonym of misfortune, said: "I knew he must fail, he was too selfish a man to succeed."

We know not how it was with our opponents, but certainly on our own side, every self-indulgent man met with some grave reverse. Their love of ease, of comfortable quarters, of good living, etc., made them neglect discipline reconnoissances, or some other important duty. The Apostle Paul, whose military figures prove him to have been well-read in the science of war, exhorts Timothy to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Here the intimation is very plain that the successful soldier, as well as the successful Christian, is one who can endure hardness and is no effeminate softling. All of his allusions to military life show that he regarded it as affording the highest example of earnest, honest, unselfish devotion to a great principle. In the last closing scenes of his life, the mind of the great apostle reverted to the incidents of his toilsome, self-sacrificing ministry, and he drew his comparison from the career of the generous and heroic soldier. "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day." The aged warrior expects a crown of glory at the hands of the Captain of his salvation.

This view of the subject explains the remarkable fact that the highest type of Christian character has been found in camp. Selfishness and its direct offshoot, pride, are the two great causes which militate against repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. But the whole career of the soldier is in direct opposition to both. The hot weary march, the dreary night-watch, the scanty ration, the cheerless bivouac, the fatiguing labor, the necessity of yielding to the tastes and inclinations of his comrades, the implicit obedience to be given to his

superiors—all these strike at habits of self-indulgence and lofty notions of self-importance. But if the march and the camp cut off the boughs of selfishness, the field of battle lays the axe at its very roots. The soldier is now called upon to make an entire surrender of self and to present himself a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country. The selfish man can not make the dedication. Hence he is fruitful in expedients to avoid the field or plays an ignoble part in the hour of trial. The writer of this remembers a conversation upon the subject of courage between two officers, who had themselves seen death under its most terrible aspects in many a stubborn fight. They both agreed in defining courage to be "unselfishness in the presence of danger," though it is probable that neither of them knew that they had employed almost the very words of the great British poet, who sounded the very depths of the human heart and knew all its hidden recesses: "He that is truly dedicate to war hath no self-love; and he that loves himself hath not essentially but by circumstance the name of valor." In the broad light of day and with the eyes of the world upon him, the lover of self may exhibit the semblance of courage; but take away from him his factitious supports and his innate poltroonery will appear. The dead carcass of a land animal will float upon the ocean, when inflated with the gases of putrefaction. Prick the inflated mass; it sinks to the bottom, while the natives of the deep are revelling amid the roar and surging of the billows. Thus the presumptuous egotist may be borne along by the current into the thickest of the contest; but let his bladders of support collapse, and he will shrink into the shivering coward, while his really brave companions are exulting in "the joy of battle," a phrase which the Roman invented and which those of Roman soul can alone understand.

The war has demonstrated beyond all denial that duelists, street bullies, heroes of bar-rooms and old field musters have an unconquerable aversion to battle-fields. One of the greatest bullies the writer ever knew managed for three years to be sick at every battle. Forced in at last, he acquitted himself respectably. We had trusted that these gentlemen were so well understood now, that one would never more hear their bluster and braggadocio. But in the village of ——, in a sister State, we were annoyed by the old rowdyism and the old flourish of pistols, and were troubled with that nervous twitching in the toe of the right boot, which the most patient feel under such circumstances. We were curious enough to inquire the history of the champions, and were told that the noisiest had been advised by his company after the first battle to take care of his dear wife and sweet children at home. The other had been famous for the fine dinners and champagne suppers given by him to the conscript officers. Bullyism proceeds from the tyrannical desire to oppress and injure the weak. Rowdyism shows an utter disregard for the comfort and feelings of others. Both are unmistakable marks of selfishness, and consequently of cowardice. The truculent bravo, whether at home lording over his own household, in a court-room badgering a witness, or in the legislative hall devising schemes of humiliating the powerless, is a mean, selfish, wretch, and therefore a poltroon at heart.

Censoriousness as well as tyranny flow naturally from the fountain of selfishness. All the ways of a selfish man are right in his own eyes. All the ways of every other man are wrong in his eyes. He repents of the sins of the poor publican, and thanks God that he has none of his own. Hence he becomes a reformer, and when his reforms are not accepted he next becomes a persecutor. In Paradise he would have changed all the serpentine walks into right-lined avenues laid off according to his own compass and square. He would have dug up all the roses and

replaced them by onions or other esculents of a fragrance savory to his own nasal organs.

The carrion crow flies over our beautiful South; but with his eye fixed upon rottenness and garbage, he sees nothing of the loveliness of hill and dale, nothing of the magnificence of our forests and the bright sparkling of our rivers. He is looking only for the decaying carcasses, which his vicious tastes have taught him to love. Perched perhaps, upon some dead pine, he may look down upon our toiling and impoverished people in seeming unconsciousness that he has the foul odor and ugliness of an unclean bird. Thus it is with the selfish censor of others. He sees nothing of their amiable, generous, and noble qualities. His eye is keen to discover only those defects over which charity would fain throw a vail. Elevated too by his own egotism, or the adulation of kindred spirits, he may from his "bad preëminence" gaze scornfully upon the follies and foibles of his fellow creatures, ignorant that he himself is an object of loathing and detestation to all who have minds to perceive and hearts to hate his baseness and corruption. In brief, we have seen that the Mosaic economy and the Christian dispensation have taught directly the duty of self-discipline, and that the religious systems of heathendom have in a modified form joined in the sublime teaching. We have seen history and experience showing that selfish and self-indulgent men can not be good and great, can not be brave and generous, happy and contented, and that they are ruthless and remorseless revilers and persecutors of others. Let all wise parents, then, make the eradication of selfishness a radical principle of family discipline. Let their first lesson to their children be to conquer their passions and appetites, and learn to consult the tastes, wishes, and inclinations of those by whom they are surrounded. Let them be told of the great hero, who when a child endured pain until he fainted, that he might gain a victory over self—who when his great career was drawing to a close, and he lay in the agonizing throes of a mortal wound uttered no groan for himself, but many words of pity and compassion for his fellow sufferers. Still better, let them be told of Him, who divested himself of the glories of divinity and took upon him the form of a servant, who gave up the joys of heaven for the sufferings of earth, in order that he might go about doing good, and "do not his own will, but the will of him that sent him." When they have learned to love his character and to imitate his example, parental instruction and parental guidance will be no longer needed. A life of usefulness and an eternity of happiness may then be hoped for as their lot and their portion.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HAVERSACK.

During the war we frequently saw the phrase "dying in the last ditch" attributed to General Pillow by the Northern press. Lately, we see that Brownlow of Tennessee, whose classic purity of style is so well known to the whole country, is receiving the credit of originating it. But with whomsoever the expression originated, it was employed, long before the rebellion, by William the Third of England, Stadtholder of Holland, and Prince of Orange. When defending his hereditary dominions against the immense armies of Louis XIV., he was told by the French Embassador that inevitable destruction awaited his people, unless he would submit to the power of the Grand Monarch. He replied: "I have thought of the means of avoiding the sight of the ruin of my country; I can die in the

last ditch." In Holland, intersected in every direction by canals whose embankments afforded the best defensive works, the language is pregnant with meaning. It could have no local significance in any part of the United States. Byron has an allusion to this celebrated speech of William of Orange. In his diary we read: "Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have partly discussed an ensemble expedition. It must be in ten days, if at all, if we wish to be in at the revolution. Old William of Orange talked of 'dying in the last ditch' of his dingy country. It is well that I can swim, or I suppose that I should not well weather the first."

Brownlow, who was once as furious against the abolitionists as he is now furious in their favor, said in one of his numerous tirades against them: "I am not, and never have been, *interested* in the slave traffic, or immersed in the cares, advantages, or disadvantages of the institution of slavery, and therefore I claim to be a *disinterested* looker-on. A native of Virginia, I have lived half a century in the South, and seen the workings of the institution of slavery in its best and worst forms, and in all the Southern States. I have gone among the free negroes at the North, and in *every instance* I have found them more miserable and destitute as a whole than the slave population of the South. In our Southern States, where negroes have been set at liberty, in nine cases out of ten their conditions have been made worse, while the most wretched, lazy and dishonest class of persons to be found in the Southern States are *free persons of color*. I, therefore, go against the emancipation of slavery altogether, unless they can be sent to Liberia at once. I take my stand with the friends of the institution of slavery in the South. Connected with this question I will go as far as the next man —*dying in the last ditch*."

There are certain expressions which please the popular mind, and soon become part of its common property. The right ownership may never be known, but the people will always claim possession. After the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, an anonymous writer alluding to General Taylor said, "The soldiers call him old Rough and Ready." No one in the army knew of this sobriquet, till they saw this communication. But the appellation pleased the soldiery and the country. The old hero *did* from that time forward receive a designation which was the coining of this unknown scribbler. In a Republic his fortune is made who receives a popular cognomen. In "the fierce democracy of Rome," the adjectives Africanus and Asiaticus applied to the conqueror of Africa and Asia could never have aroused a wilder enthusiasm among the people than has been excited among us by the appellations "Old Tippecanoe" and "Old Rough and Ready." In the latter instance, the alliteration took with the masses as much as the names. It struck the fancy like Poe's "pallid bust of Pallas," or Pope's "up the *high hill he heaves* the *huge* round stone." At any rate, we doubt not that the anonymous correspondent of an obscure paper won for "Old Rough and Ready" (we readily accord the sobriquet) more than fifty thousand votes. He should have been rewarded with a place in the Cabinet or by a first-class foreign embassy. Perhaps he was, who knows?

During the Confederate struggle the phrase "giving the last man and the last dollar," was attributed, we know not how correctly, to the late Provisional Governor of North-Carolina. If not his, we suppose that the true author will hardly ever set up claims of ownership.

The expression "war to the knife," which was used so frequently during the late struggle and for several years preceding it, has seldom received its true paternity. It was the answer of Palafox to the demand of the French commander, Marshal Moncey, for the surrender of Saragossa. This was not an idle bravado, but the stern

determination of a brave man, who by his heroic resistance has caused the defense of Saragossa to be ranked with that of Saguntum and Numantia. It was thought at the beginning of the second great rebellion that the bowie-knife would be as terrible in Southern hands as was the *machete* in the hands of the Spanish peasantry. But its inferiority to the deadly revolver soon caused it to be discarded. Governor Harris of Tennessee, who served on the staff of General Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh, related an incident illustrating the point. A regiment from ——, which had often boasted of what prodigies of valor it would perform with the bowie-knife, broke badly under a withering fire of minie-balls. The General rode up to the shrinking, cowering men and cried out: "You have bragged about what you would do with the bowie-knife, and now when the manlier weapon is put in your hands you play the woman. If there is manhood in you follow me." He placed himself in front of the regiment and rode before it until the enemy was routed by the gallant attack. He led into action several regiments on that the last day of his heroic life.

Shells have had a prominence in this war never before known, since the invention of gunpowder. But the mortar-shells used in siege have long been regarded as the most dreadful implements of modern warfare. In throwing up earthworks in and around Yorktown in 1861–2, many eight and ten-inch shells were found, and if we remember aright, a few of larger calibre. Byron's description of a bombardment will recall lively recollections to the better class of Southern young men, the soldiers of the army.

"And here and there some crackling dome
Was fired before the exploding bomb;
And as the fabric sunk beneath
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
In red and wreathing columns flashed
The flame, as loud the ruin crashed,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven."

The works thrown up by the C. S. (called so) forces were begun at night under false information from Fortress Monroe. Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Lee of the First North-Carolina regiment acted as the engineer officer on the occasion; and it is remarkable that without having made a previous reconnoissance in daylight, and with no maps or traces of old works to guide him, he fell upon the identical line of fortifications used by Cornwallis. A different and more extended line, upon a more elaborate plan, was afterward adopted. But upon the approach of McClellan, the wisdom of the British engineers was fully acknowledged, and the old line was reöccupied.

What a tribute it was to the genius of the young officer who had made so happy a selection of ground in the darkness of the night! Alas! that one so full of promise, so brave, so gentle, so noble, and so generous in all his impulses, should have perished so early in the contest.

How many recollections come clustering around us at the name of Yorktown—some sad, some serious, and some curious. A few of the last class may interest our readers. The Fifth Louisiana infantry (Colonel Hunt commanding) landed at Yorktown in the midst of a cold rain-storm of unusual violence. A captain of the regiment, with some other officers, sought refuge in a recently deserted house. His attention was attracted to what seemed to be his own handwriting, in a letter among a pile of loose papers on the floor. Picking it up, he found his own signature to it, but dated 1781! It was a letter from his grandfather, a native of an adjoining county, (Gloucester, we think,) who had served at the siege of Yorktown. If we remember rightly, the grandfather held the same rank in the old rebel army that his grandson held in the new. The finding of the letter, with all the attendant circumstances, is certainly one of those incidents stranger than fiction itself.

The daughter of a Southern officer

had married a gentleman of another nation, lived unhappily with him, and parted from him, from causes sufficiently painful. The daughter returned to her father; the husband fled to Mexico, and was supposed to have died soon after. Years passed away and nothing was heard from him. The rebellion broke out. General Butler took the field and sent forward the troops who fought the first battle of the war, while he himself with provident care of the wounded, remained nine miles behind, in charge of the ambulance train. (See General B. F. Butler's Report.) After the retirement of Butler's troops a C. S. (called so) soldier strolling over the battle-field found a kind of bowie-knife beautifully finished and elegantly ornamented. It was passed from hand to hand as a rare and costly piece of workmanship, until it at length reached the hands of the father of the unfortunate lady. Judge of his surprise on reading the inscription on the blade to find that it had been presented to a Federal officer by his own son-in-law, supposed to have been long since dead. The name (a remarkable one) and place of residence left no room to doubt his identity.

In throwing up rifle-pits on the morning of the fight at Bethel, a few bones were dug up by some Virginia troops. Colonel M——, of Virginia, told the writer that he had reason to suppose that they belonged to some men under the command of his grandfather, who had been slain near that spot, together with their leader, Colonel M——, senior, in the revolutionary war.

On the sixth of November, 1632, Gustavus Adolphus defeated the Austrians at Lutzen. Nearly two hundred years afterward, on the second of May, 1813, Napoleon defeated the same people on the same spot. In Austria, as in Virginia, the invaders were the attacking party, and it may have happened in both instances that the defenders of their soil turned up the bones of their ancestors. Passing strange are the facts of history. We would be glad to receive from some military friend an account of the repetitions of battles on the same spot. We think that it has seldom happened in the same war that two battles have been given on the same ground, as was the case, during the late contest, at Manassas and Fredericksburgh. But in all wars on a grand scale there will be whole districts of country which become strategic districts, and there will be points in those districts which become strategic points. A great battle is fought at one of these points, and is followed by a long peace. Another war breaks out generations afterward, and the military leaders both perceive the importance of the old battle-field, and another battle is given to get possession of it. Napoleon had so accurate an eye for strategic points, that in riding over the field of Austerlitz, days before the battle, he could predict a bloody contest would be waged there some day. Lombardy and the Netherlands may be given as examples of strategic *districts*, while Lutzen and Austerlitz are examples of strategic *points*.

General B. F. Butler, United States army, was the first to use the word "contraband" as a designation for the negro, and he has, too, the honor of being the first to encourage that class of persons to desert their masters. It will doubtless gratify him to know that the contrabands made themselves very useful to both sides. The rebels, at least, were kept well posted about all that occurred within and around Fortress Monroe. The number of ships that McClellan brought, and the strength of his army were reported with astonishing accuracy. It is certain that Yorktown knew more of Fortress Monroe, at this period at least, than did Fortress Monroe know of Yorktown. The opposite opinion would be a poor compliment to McClellan. He certainly would have attacked on the first day of his arrival, before Magruder's long weak line, had he known that there were many points of it at

which there was not a man for hundreds of yards. There is reason to believe that Magruder kept Butler amused for more than a year with false information conveyed through intelligent contrabands, while his own intelligence was accurate in the minutest degree. The rebel tricks played off by means of negroes at the beginning of the war would be sufficiently curious; but the time has hardly come for these revelations to be made. But even when "the instinct of freedom was true," the news brought by the intelligent contraband must sometimes have seemed very strange. An officer of McClellan's staff told the writer, during a flag of truce, an amusing instance of this.

After Beauregard's retreat from Corinth, McClellan was much exercised in mind lest he should come to the relief of Lee. A statement to that effect had been published in our papers. Other papers denounced the imprudent revelation and said some wise things about the importance of reticence. McClellan as a military man knew this was the move that *ought to be made*, and he believed it *had been made*. However, to make sure on this point, he determined to examine, in person, an intelligent contraband, just brought into his lines direct from Richmond.

General M. Is Beauregard in Richmond?

J. C. Oh! yes, Masser.

General M. How many soldiers did he have with him?

J. C. Hundred tousand, tree tousand, fifty tousand! Cars heaped up with sogers, ebery day two, tree weeks.

General M. Are you sure that Beauregard is there himself?

J. C. Oh! yes, him make a speech at de Capitol, hear Mass Letcher call him General Boregar.

The news was sufficiently confirmatory of McClellan's worst fears, and the intelligent contraband saw plainly that he had "made a sensation"—the thing of all others the most flattering to the negro. At length some one thought of testing still further the intelligent contraband's accuracy and the examination was renewed.

Q. Did you see General Beauregard yourself?

A. Oh! yes, Masser! me see him for sartin.

Q. What sort of looking man is he?

A. Him great big fat man, tomack tick out so, (putting his hands two feet in front of his stomach.)

This was too much for the gravity of McClellan, who laughed heartily with his fears all relieved.

Beauregard's leanness was too well known for the credibility of the contraband's story. It appeared afterward that the poor fellow had mistaken the portly Price (who happened to be in Richmond about that time) for the celebrated engineer. The fifty tousand, tree tousand, hundred tousand, were the troops of Holmes and Huger from North-Carolina and Norfolk.

NAMES OF BATTLES.

It has often happened in the history of wars that the respective belligerents have called the same battle-field by different names. Thus, the Blenheim of the British is the Hochstadt of the Germans; the Gladesmuir of the Scotch is the Preston Pans of the English. But the late rebellion has brought out distinct characteristics of the two hostile sections, which has never been before so remarkably exhibited in the nomenclature of battles.

Where it has been possible to do so, the North has used the name of some object in nature, a stream, a mountain, a landing place, a forest, etc. The South has shown a preference for artificial objects, a railway station, a city, town, etc. The one

speaks of Bull Run, (a brook;) the other of Manassas, (a railway station;) the former of Ball's Bluff; the latter of Leesburgh, (a village;) the former of Stone's River, the latter of Murfreesboro, (a town;) the former of Mill Creek, the latter of Somerset, (a town;) the former speak of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing; the latter call it the battle of Shiloh, (a church;) the former speak of the battle of South-Mountain, the latter, of Boonsboro, (a village;) the former, of the battle of Antietam, (a brook;) the latter, of Sharpsburgh, (a village;) the former, of the battle of the Chickahominy, (a stream;) the latter, of Cold Harbor, (a tavern;) the former, of the battle of Marye's Hill, the latter, of Fredericksburgh, etc., etc. Out of the 250 battles of the war, those of real importance have, as a general thing, been differently designated; and had the Confederacy been established, endless confusion would have been the result.

But the history of the conquerors will be received as *the* history of the war, and of course *their* names will most likely be transmitted to posterity. On the other hand, as the battle-fields have been generally on Southern soil, the tourist will naturally use the designation by which the battle-field is known with the people in the neighborhood. These opposite influences may keep up the confusion for a long time.

It is curious to notice that the difference alluded to is to be observed even in the names given to the respective armies.

The North employed the names of rivers and had the army of the Potomac, the army of the James, the army of the Ohio, the army of the Cumberland. The South used the artificial divisions of States, and had the army of Northern Virginia, the army of Tennessee, the army of Mississippi, etc. Now, it is simply absurd to say that the difference has been accidental. It points to a difference in the mode of thought. We have a theory on the subject, which is partially satisfactory to ourselves, but before giving it, we would rather hear from some of our mental philosophers.

If inclined to be too partial to Irish humor, it must be excused on account of an Irish origin.

After the battle of Leesburgh, two Irish Federals were brought into the hospital of the kind-hearted Dr. Mott, who always was attentive and faithful to the wounded in his charge, whether friend or foe.

One of them was almost in an unconscious condition, having been shot through the breast, and was supposed to be mortally wounded. The other poor fellow had been struck about the eyes, and was hopelessly blind. The former we will call Tim Mahoney; the latter, Jack Flannegan.

After a few days, hopes were entertained of Tim, but as he never opened his lips in either murmur or request, the surgeon was much puzzled about him. Judge of his surprise, then, on being accosted in a distinct voice, by the half-dying man, "Docther, is there iver a chap here by the name of Jack Flannegan?" "Yes, he is in the next ward." "Has he got a bit of a pipe we him?" "No, he has not got a pipe." To the amazement of the Doctor, the man got up, wrapped his sheet around him, and started off, saying, "Doctor, I must see Jack." The Doctor helped him to the next ward.

Then began "the sweet Irish brogue," which so charmed General Scott, when a candidate for the Presidency. "How do you fale, Jack, me boy?" "Is that you, Tim?" "Yes, when I last see you, Jack, my boy, you were smoking yer pipe."

"What were you after that for, Jack?"

"Well, you see, Tim, I had niver been in a rale fight wid bullets, and I was kind o' wake about my stomach, and a bit of a smoke made me fale good under the ould flag wid the stars and stripes." "And where's yer pipe, Jack?" "It war knocked out of me mouth sure, when I got that

divil of a lick in me eye. I war looking at the ould flag, when all at wunst I *see all the stars in the sky, and niver a bit of a stripe.*"

In the May number it was stated that General Lee, being apprised of McClellan's intention to make a forward movement from Harper's Ferry in the latter part of October, 1862, had broken up suddenly the right wing of his army under Longstreet, and thrown it forward to Culpeper C. H. to wait the arrival of the enemy. Jackson with the left wing remained behind to remove the sick, the wounded, and the stores from Winchester. As they had all to be transported on the pike, every ambulance and almost every wagon was pressed into service. A. P. Hill and Early were posted so as to guard the crossings of the Shenandoah and the approaches to Winchester. Stuart with his cavalry crossed the river, and planted himself before McClellan, to delay his march as much as possible.

Another of Jackson's infantry divisions crossed over also, but with strict orders not to hazard an engagement. It was directed to make a show of holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge and to protect Stuart, should he be too closely pressed. Then commenced that series of movements so graphically described by Colonel Von Borcke, of Stuart's staff, in the January and February numbers of Blackwood's Magazine. The gallant Colonel has brought to his work vivid powers of description, but he has intended to give an honest, truthful picture. Nor do we think that his genuine admiration of his chief has betrayed him into an over-estimate of Stuart's courage, skill, and genial qualities. But we think that in this instance he has too highly colored the services rendered by the cavalry. That arm of the Confederate service had not yet learned to do close, earnest fighting, like the infantry. That lesson was learned subsequently under Stuart himself, and very effectually under Hampton. But the losses in the cavalry would at no time compare with those in the artillery, still less in the infantry. Individual brigades and divisions suffered at times heavily. But take the whole Confederate cavalry and place its losses by the side of that of an equal body of infantry, we doubt whether it would be one fifth so great, perhaps not so much. In this particular case, poor Pelham, with his artillery and with the pieces loaned him from the infantry division, did most of the cavalry fighting. When his guns were silenced by the opposing artillery or by the pressing forward of the enemy's sharp-shooters, he retired and the cavalry retired with him, or rather before him, he covering the retreat. In fact this is, in the main, Colonel Von Borcke's own history of this famous retreat. On the afternoon of the 3d November, Captain Hardaway, of Alabama, placed a single Whitworth on a hill near Paris, and with it routed a Federal brigade and a battery of artillery. Colonel Von Borcke mentions this fact, but forgets that this gun came from the infantry division.

'Twas the same officer and the same piece which drove the gunboats out of the Rappahannock at Port Royal. Other guns were employed, but this one did the work. Colonel Von Borcke is in error in attributing this to Pelham, who only fired upon the boats as they were escaping. At some other time we will notice this mistake, and show that the heroism of Pelham on this occasion was even greater than his friend the Colonel supposed.

After the fall of Upperville and Paris, it was thought necessary to withdraw the infantry from Ashby's Gap, as a road led to its rear by the way of the Trap, which was occupied by McClellan's force. The division was marched back to Berry's Ferry, at that time fordable, and was met there by General Jackson in person, who directed it to be marched up the river and occupy Manassas Gap, the next gap in the Blue Ridge south of Ashby's.

A small picket was placed on the Trap road, the division marched on,

General Jackson taking its commander with him, and a single courier, rode back to the top of the Blue Ridge to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's movements. There was not a single one of our soldiers between him and the enemy, and he might readily have been picked up by a scouting-party. But he was in the habit of doing things in that way. It was after sunset when they returned to Berry's Ferry and intensely cold with the ice rapidly forming in the river.

General Jackson crossed over to the left bank of the river, leaving the other officer to follow his division up the right bank. He was delayed some half-hour in removing his picket, and then, to his horror, beheld in the growing dusk a body of men approach the river on the opposite bank, and without a moment's hesitation plunge into the ford. His heart sunk within him, thinking that they were a body of the enemy who had pushed back A. P. Hill or Early, had crossed at the lower fords and most likely captured General Jackson himself, immediately after he reached the other bank. He soon saw, however, that they were not armed as they waded to the right bank, and he waited their arrival. "Who are you?" "We are from Alabama, going to join Rode's Brigade." "Are you conscripts?" "No, next thing to it though, we run from it, 'twas about to catch us." The speaker was engaged all the time in shaking the dripping water off his clothes, and then once more addressing his interrogator, he said, "I tell you, stranger, this water an't *biled*, it an't!"

Directing the shivering yet merry fellows how to find the brigade, the officer rode on with his courier. They had got six or eight miles when a sudden bend in the road revealed hundreds of bright fires glowing cheerily in the frosty night air. Just then two men carrying a bee-hive came into the road from a path coming down from the mountains. "Who are you? What regiment do you belong to?" "Is that you, General? the boys were getting very uneasy about you; thought that the Yanks had caught you. I am so glad to see you safe! I am John Simpson, Company A, 3d Alabama, Rode's Brigade; this is William Nicholls, same company and regiment. These mountaineers are too hard upon poor soldiers; made us pay five dollars Confed for this little bee-gum; wanted a dollar in gold; haven't seen a gold dollar in twelvemonths." Rattling on thus without stopping until the first dark strip of woods was reached, when suddenly John Simpson and William Nicholls and bee-hive disappeared. "'Twas well told, any how," muttered the officer riding on to his tent.

Just at sunrise next morning, a rough mountaineer stalked into camp, "General, two of your men took a bee-gum from me last night." "Oh! yes, John Simpson and William Nicholls, 3d Alabama, but they paid you five dollars for it?" "Nary a red; they said they were Smith and Jones of the 100th Georgia regiment, and that you wanted some honey, as old Stonewall was going to take supper with you." "Courier, tell Colonel F—— to send John Simpson and William Nicholls here." Courier returns. "Colonel F—— says that there are no such men in his regiment." "I suppose that the concern of John Simpson and William Nicholls for my safety was about on a par with their desire to give old Stonewall a good supper."

Manassas Gap was reached that morning by a portion of Rode's Brigade in time to prevent its occupation, and to permit some of our cavalry from the rear to pass through on their way to join Stuart, who himself had passed through there the night before. If our memory is not at fault, a portion and perhaps all of Hampton's fine brigade crossed the Blue Ridge here. The division encamped that day (Nov. 5th) at Front Royal, made famous by being the place where Jackson first struck the outposts of Banks. A courier brought in a note from Hampton about noon, referring to an impending fight at

Barber's Cross Roads, and requesting that all parties from the rear should be turned back to go through the next most southern gap. That night a citizen came in reporting that Hampton's Brigade had greatly distinguished itself, had suffered considerably, and that Stuart had continued his retreat. Feeling sure that McClellan's infantry was now sufficiently near to force Manassas Gap early the next morning, the officer for whose safety the bee-hunters had felt so much solicitude, started before day to see the withdrawal of the troops from it, before they should get seriously engaged. Just as he reached the main body of the out-posts, some pieces opened upon a body of the enemy advancing up the railroad. They were driven back. As the morning was bitterly cold, the officer dismounted and walked alone to the picket, some quarter of a mile in advance. Seeing that the officer was young and inexperienced, and that he had chosen a position completely commanded by a densely wooded knoll on the right, he began to ask some questions about the ground and the posting of the men. The lieutenant was from that part of ———, where the uneducated drawl out their words and emphasize the last syllable as in regimént, contentménd, reënforcemént, etc. "Have you any men on the hill, Lieutenant?" "Oh! yes, sir, I have men there." "The enemy seems to be quiet in front." "Yes, sir." "I only see two regiments." "The rest of them are making a flank movemént." "Are you sure of it?" "I counted four hundred crossing the railroad and going toward the woods on our right." "You have men there, you say?" "Oh! yes, sir, I have a corporal and three men, and *the corporal says that he wants reënforcements.*"

"Very well, Lieutenant, delay them as long as you can without getting yourself into a scrape. *I believe that I will go back.*" The officer started off at a brisker pace than he came; but he had gone but a few steps when a volley, a loud cheer, and the hurried tramping of feet announced that the gallant corporal, having failed to get his reënforceménts, was making the best possible speed out of the woods.

The four hundred men were cheering over their brilliant feat of capturing the hill.

ENGLISH FARMERS.*

JOHN READE, a gardener, was the inventor of the cylindrical clay pipes, which have wrought the "third revolution" in England and Scotland, by draining. Mr. Parkes showed one of these pipes to Earl Spencer, saying: "My Lord, with this pipe I will drain all England." This was at the Derby show of the Royal Agricultural Society, and the council gave John Reade a silver medal for his idea. Draining enabled the owners of retentive soils to follow the system of sheep-folding and root-crops, and on these drained soils, now laid dry and friable, sheep-stock flourished where formerly a few dairy cows starved.

When the father of Mr. George Turner, of Barton, Devon, began to drill turnips, a well-to-do neighbor looked down from the dividing bank and said to his son: "I suppose your father will be sowing pepper out of a cruet next." Indeed, the whole history of the turnip cultivation shows the difference between the spirit of the past and the present. It took more than a century to establish the proper growth of the crop, notwithstanding that the wealth of meat and

* Continued from June number.

grain which proceeded was so strikingly manifest. The first difficulty was to get farmers to try it at all; the second was to get them to be at the expense of hoeing. Arthur Young said they listened with incredulity when he told them of the vast benefits derived in Norfolk from this indispensable process. The third difficulty was to induce them to substitute drilling for broadcast sowing, which appeared to them as ridiculous as peppering the land from a cruet.

Lord Bacon, who had a large collection of works upon agriculture, had them, one day, piled up in the court-yard, and set on fire; for, said he, "In all these books, I can find no *principles;* they can, therefore, be of no use to any man." This was just the deficiency with respect to drainage, and it could not, therefore, progress. Josiah Parkes expounded the *principles* of drainage, and made suggestions which led to the manufacture of the steel tools which were necessary for forming the deep cuttings, and the cheap pipes necessary for carrying the water from them when formed.

In 1833, when Mr. Parkes was engaged in draining a peat bog, in Lancashire, he had an opportunity of seeing the great effect produced by deep cuttings, and he was led to ponder on the advantages of relieving the soil of a certain number of inches of water, which is stagnant during the rainy season, and remains until removed by evaporation or a dry season. By experiments continued for several years, he found that a deep drain began to run after wet weather, not from the water above, but from the water rising from the subterranean accumulations below, and that, by drawing away the stagnant moisture from the three or four feet of earth next the surface, it was rendered friable, easier to work, more penetrable by the rain, which then carried down air and manure, and much warmer and more suitable for the nourishment of the roots of the crops. He came to the conclusion that shallow draining, recommended by Smith of Deanston, was a vital error, and that *four feet*, which left a sufficient layer of dry, warm surface earth, after allowing for the rise of the moisture by capillary attraction above the water level of the drain, should be the minimum depth. The first field drained on the four-foot plan was on a farm near Bolton. This was the small beginning of the subterranean net-work of pipes which has more than doubled the value of retentive soils in England. And here is one of the *principles* which Bacon could not find.

Sir Robert Peel, whose management of his own estate made him thoroughly alive to the national importance of well-drained soils, passed the Act in 1846, by which four millions sterling were appropriated toward assisting land-owners with loans for draining their land, with leave to pay the advance by installments extending over twenty-two years. A second public loan of four millions was granted in 1856, and it has been estimated that sixteen millions had been invested by the nation and by private companies and individuals, in thorough drainage. All the branches of farming business felt the influence; for the improved stock originated by Bakewell, the artificial food raised to feed the improved stock, and improved implements of every kind, all met with an extended development in the retentive soils rendered kindly by the use of "Parkes's clay pipes." It will usually be found that an advance in one direction gives a corresponding impulse in every other.

We now copy from the Edinburgh Review:

"Lord Hatherton's estate at Teddesley, in Staffordshire, thirty years ago, was in a most neglected state; great part of it a worthless waste, without roads, undrained, open, and exposed. It is now a rich fertile domain, carrying luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, the pastures folded over with flocks of South-Down sheep, the extensive farm buildings filled with cattle, while the lower

slopes are covered by verdure produced by irrigation.

"Such authenticated statements as these demonstrated that the drain-pipe, the manure-cart, and the sheep's foot, exerted a fairy influence over the productive powers of the soil, doubling it in a period of ten or twenty years."

When this fact is brought to bear upon the exhausted soils of the Southern States, then there will be some hope for us as an agricultural people. To renovate our soil is of more importance to us than any other national interest. Mining and manufacturing, important as they may be, are far inferior to the great business of agriculture.

Of the three modes of renovating, we would call particular attention to what the writer denominates the "sheep's foot." In England, a farmer's thrift is judged of by the number of sheep he keeps in proportion to his amount of land. These sheep are folded on roots, clover and other fields, with portable fences, which are moved frequently. Thus, although the animals are closely confined, they are never confined to one spot, but are constantly changed. A new farmer will buy food for his sheep until they themselves enrich his land sufficiently to yield food for them and their owner, and a large surplus to be turned into cash. The average wages of a farm laborer in England are about ten dollars a month. The practical farmer pays this amount for his laborers, besides a high rent for his land, and yet makes money even when the market price of wheat is only 40s. a quarter, or a dollar and a quarter a bushel. Paying for their land and labor at these rates, and selling their produce at this profit, what Southern farmer need fear to follow their example?

Colonel Croome, of Greensboro, showed conclusively that "stock-farming" (which in England, is a synonym for "high farming") is not incompatible with cotton-growing. With the aid of clover, he raised immense quantities of beef, mutton, and dairy products, without at all interfering with the profitable cotton crop.

England has three times the number of sheep per acre that France has. And moreover, the English sheep, when slaughtered, weigh eighty pounds of net meat per head, while those of France yield only forty pounds of net meat, so that England really produces six times the amount of mutton per acre that France does.

The difference between the practice of an English farmer, and that of a French *metayer*, or of a Belgian peasant proprietor, is equally striking. The main object of the latter is to feed his family and *avoid every possible payment in cash*. "As for laying out sixpence on manure, or cattle-food for making manure, no such notion ever crosses the minds of these industrious, hard-living peasants, and the decrease in the means of subsistence, in consequence, is almost past calculation. Among English farmers, on the contrary, the maxim is, "He who puts most into his land, gets most out of it." And the result is that the earth is ransacked to furnish fertilizers for the English market—guano from Peru and the Pacific isles, bones from the boundless prairies of Brazil, oil-cake from Russia and Germany, beans from Egypt, and locust-pods from Syria. His farm becomes like a manufactory. He puts so much capital in, and he expects and *realizes* so much return.

Another great step forward in British agriculture is the successful introduction of the steam-plow. There are now hundreds of these machines at work in England and Scotland. There are three forms of these plows, or machines—Fowler's, Howard's, and Smith's, and Mr. Algernon Clark's able report entitled Five Years' Progress in Steam Culture, shows that they will probably effect a "fourth revolution" in farming—at least upon clay soils. Mr. Clark says many steam-farmers, by their own showing, have augmented

their produce by four to eight bushels per acre; have grown roots where no roots before could be grown; have largely increased the bulk of their green crops; and at the same time cleared hundreds of pounds per annum by the mere difference between the expenses of steam and animal tillage. Under steam culture, unyielding soils become friable, and soon admit of turnip culture and sheep folding. The benefits of draining, too, become strikingly apparent when the subsoil has been disturbed by the steam-driven share. The farmer having no plow-horses to feed, can afford to spend freely in manures. And he finds that the deeper he stirs the soil, the more the earth will open, and impart to him her fertility.

The steam-plowing machine has not succeeded in the United States; but if we will but follow the example of our British brothers in other respects, we can afford to dispense with it. Whoever lives within reach of a railway, can afford to fertilize his land with the *manure-cart*, (although its contents come from Peru or Brazil,) the *drain-pipe*, and *the sheep's foot*. The latter we particularly recommend. *Buy* the sheep, and *buy* their food, until your lands become rich. There are many forms of portable or hurdle fences, which any one interested may examine. They are cheap, easily constructed, and easily moved. We hope, ere long, agricultural fairs will again bring the farmers together; and this is one of the most efficient modes of improving agriculture—by improving agriculturists; who will make the land we love "even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar."

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER XI.

The fertile valley below Castle Inglis had once belonged to the wealthy and powerful lords of the castle. But they had lost acre by acre, generation after generation, until the rocky mountain-side with its terraced isle of verdure was all that remained of the once broad domain. Ellen's father had in fact become so impoverished, that for many years he resided upon the continent because he had not the means of supporting the state of his large establishment. Lady Inglis, however, had inherited an annuity which enabled her to live, not only in comfort, but to maintain the elegance and exercise the hospitality in some degree of ancient days. Respected and beloved by a large circle of the best and noblest in the land, it was seldom that Castle Inglis was without a guest. Adele used to say that next to Lanstead Abbey, she loved Castle Inglis, and next to Castle Inglis, she loved Inglis manse.

But the happy summer soon came to a close. Sir Alfred's presence was needed in London by the first of October, on a matter of business, and Dr. Inglis was going thither to purchase his annual supply of books. Alfred would meet them there, and Mrs. Cecil had a sister living there, whom she was most anxious to visit.

Aunt Edith and Ellen promised to spend the coming Christmas at Lanstead, which reconciled Adele to parting with them, although a few tears *would* come when Aunt Edith's last kiss was pressed upon her brow.

Alfred was in London some weeks before his grandfather arrived. He was staying at the town house of his friend and college chum, Charlie Molyneux. One dreary foggy morn-

ing, the two young men were lounging over their breakfast, and making plans for the day.

"I can not go with you to Richmond to day," said Mowbray; "I am expecting my grandfather at one o'clock.

"Very dutiful grandson you are," said Molyneux, "and by an odd coincidence, I am expecting my grandmother on the morning train from Brighton, but I go to Richmond nevertheless."

"I am also expecting a dear little cousin, Adele St. Maur, and I am exceedingly anxious to see her."

"Ah!" said Molyneux. "I am expecting no cousin of mine, therefore I will console myself by expecting yours. *St. Maur!* Do you know I have been studying the St. Maurs ever since I was in the Crimea. I believe I know every St. Maur in the United Kingdom, and I have not yet found the object of my search. I saw such a lovely little girl named St. Maur, on board of a steamer; she was asleep and her face was so sweet, so angelic, that I took a sketch of her. And every time I try to picture to myself my future wife, the face of that child is before me. My grandmother, mother, and aunts are almost dying to see me married, but I can not find my beau-ideal, and I can not fall in love with any one who falls short of it."

Alfred's face was flushed, and he sat trying to balance his tea-spoon on the edge of his cup.

"I should like to see the drawing of your beau-ideal."

Molyneux produced a port-folio, and took therefrom a sketch of a sleeping child.

"Is that your cousin?" asked he laughing, yet eagerly anxious to know.

"It's very like her," said Alfred, trying to appear indifferent, yet evidently nervous and embarrassed.

"Then I shall not go to Richmond," said Molyneux; "but look here, man—perhaps the ground is preöccupied. I should be sorry to interfere with *your* plans."

"Pshaw!" said Mowbray, "my cousin is a mere child—she has just entered her teens—she will marry somebody ten years younger than either you or I."

"May be so," said Molyneux glancing at a mirror opposite; "I shall not be very old, however, ten years hence."

But the party did not come on that day's train, nor the next, nor the next.

They came at length, however, and took rooms at the A——. One evening, after returning from some excursion, Adele, in springing from the carriage, noticed a gentleman, almost beside the carriage-door, whom she took to be her cousin Alfred. She caught his arm and said: "O Alfred! how much you have missed. We have had such a charming day!"

Coloring, yet thrilling at the touch of those little gloved fingers, the gentleman replied: "Your cousin has gone out boating, but ought to be back by this time. Allow me—"

"Ah Mr. Molyneux! most happy to see you," said Sir Alfred; "my giddy little girl mistook you for Alfred. Pray come in, and tell me about yourself and mamma. I have not seen you since you left Oxford."

Adele ran up the steps with glowing cheeks, too much abashed to look at the stranger. She passed the drawing-room door and swept on up the stair-case, at the top of which she met Mrs. Cecil.

"Why, my child, what a brilliant color you have! What is the matter?"

"O Mrs. Cecil! I mistook a strange gentleman for Alfred, and caught hold of his arm to talk to him. What will he think of me?"

"He will only think you have made a mistake, darling. But it will be a lesson to you, to be more careful in future. Who was the gentleman?"

"Grandpapa called him Mr. Molyneux, and he was standing on the pavement, just as Alfred does when he is expecting us."

"So your grandpapa knew the gentleman?"

"Oh! yes, and seemed very glad to see him."

When the ladies went down to dinner, Mr. Molyneux was still engaged in animated conversation with Sir Alfred, and they found, had accepted Sir Alfred's invitation to dinner. He had started out to dine with his grandmother when he stopped to see the original of his treasured drawing, whom he recognized immediately.

Adele soon forgot her embarrassment, and when Alfred returned, was as gay as a butterfly. The petted darling of the whole household, she played, laughed, and sang, as children do in an atmosphere of love.

Sir Alfred almost idolized her; Mrs. Cecil said she was the greatest pleasure of her life, and Alfred loved her better even than his favorite horse Lancer, and that was saying a great deal.

Mr. Molyneux soon became rather inattentive to what Sir Alfred was saying, notwithstanding his great desire to appear interested, and his replies were sometimes so at random, that the old gentleman was annoyed and surprised.

Mrs. Cecil, with her ever ready tact, joined in the conversation, and soon restored its pleasant flow, allowing the young man to indulge in his own thoughts and observations.

Before Mr. Molyneux took his leave, he and Alfred planned a visit to the National Gallery, with Mrs. Cecil, Sir Alfred, and Adele, the next morning.

The morning was as bright and beautiful as mornings ever *are* in London, and the party had a very entertaining hour. In passing through a door-way, they met an elegant-looking party, and were quietly moving on, when Adele's attention was caught by the slender, girlish figure of a loiterer of the party, who was looking at a bust of Milton.

"Come, Adele," called Alfred.

"Wait, dear Mrs. Cecil, one moment—I *must* see who this lady is—I think it is — yes!" a cry of joy escapes her lips—"it is Sarah Benjamin."

When they parted on the street, Adele had exacted the promise that Sarah and Eva would come and spend the day with them.

Adele was delighted to hear Mrs. Cecil praise the beauty and elegant appearance of her young friends, but thought herself that Sarah looked strangely ill—pale and almost haggard.

When the girls came to see her, she took Sarah to her room, leaving Eva to be entertained by Mrs. Cecil. They talked of things that usually interest girls of their age; but Adele became more and more convinced that some great change had taken place in Sarah. That spiritual dullness which she before observed was all gone—no mystic vail enveloped the soul now, if the soul *could* be seen through the face.

But there was now almost too much feeling expressed in the dark restless eyes—for restless and unhappy she seemed.

Adele at last said: "I have been praying for you, Sarah, daily, since I left Venice, that you might become a Christian."

Sarah attempted to reply, but her lips quivered with agitation.

Adele continued, as she threw her arms around her friend's neck: "Sarah, I feel—I know that you believe in our Saviour, Christ."

With a convulsive effort, Sarah threw off Adele's arms, and commenced walking the room as she replied:

"I do believe—I do believe—that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, but this belief brings me no comfort. After you left Venice, I determined to study the Bible which you gave me at parting, but more from a feeling of curiosity than any real desire to know the truth. I was already familiar with the Old Testament—the Jewish scriptures—I had been well instructed in them, in the Hebrew language. And I gave my

whole mind to understand the New Testament. Merely as an interesting study I pursued my investigations, until the light broke upon me. I saw clearly that the incarnate God was the grand central point to which our law, our prophecies, our splendid temple service, with its typical paschal Lamb, all pointed, in which they all culminated. As the law engraven upon stones was enshrined in the ark, in the holy of holies—so the law enshrined in the heart of the God-man, was perfectly fulfilled, and he himself entered heaven, the true holy of holies, there to intercede for his sin-burdened brethren, for whom he had made the great sacrifice. O Adele!" she continued, "could I but believe that his mercy could extend to me!"

Pale, and with corrugated brow, she looked almost the image of dispair. It was a mood terribly new to Adele; from her infancy she had been taught to put such implicit faith in the love and infinite goodness of the divine Redeemer, that she could scarcely understand this great dread of his wrath. She knew that Dr. Inglis was alone in the library below, and she said, "Come with me, dear Sarah, I think I can take you to one who can teach you how mistaken you are in this fear."

Sarah submitted to be led, but no hope gleamed in her troubled face. She drew back at the library door when she saw Dr. Inglis, but Adele would not relinquish her hand.

"Come, darling," she whispered, "he is so kind and sympathizing, you can easily talk to him."

Dr. Inglis came forward with his usual grave, earnest, yet sweet expression, "Come in, my children, I am quite at your service."

"O sir!" said Adele, with a trembling voice, "Sarah needs instruction in Christian—no, I mean she believes that our Saviour is the true Messiah, but she can not believe that she has a personal interest—" She stopped, not knowing how to express herself.

But Dr. Inglis understood; and a smile of joy, so radiant, so heartfelt, illumined his face. He was experienced in these doubts and fears, and by a few gentle questions and remarks, he led the full soul of the young girl to unburden itself.

"My daughter, do you really desire to follow Christ?"

"Oh! above all other things," replied Sarah, with a burst of tears.

"Are you willing to renounce every thing this world contains for his sake?"

She thought for a moment, and replied, "Yes, every thing."

"Let us pray."

While kneeling, Sir Alfred and Mrs. Cecil entered the room and knelt also, with deep emotion. When the prayer was over Dr. Inglis quietly stepped to the table, and taking a pitcher of water from it, poured the crystal stream over the drooping head of the young girl, pronouncing the words of baptism. Sir Alfred and Mrs. Cecil looked surprised, but the sweet feeling of relief and happiness which overspread Sarah's face, as she raised her fine eyes toward heaven, showed that it was the true course to take with her. They again knelt in prayer, and Sarah was numbered with the Christians.

CHAPTER XII.

A YEAR has passed since the events narrated in the last chapter occurred, and we look into the long drawing-room at Lanstead Abbey. The airy figure of a lady sweeps with queen-like grace through the splendid yet quaint old room. It is our little Adele, grown almost to the estate of womanhood. The grandfather, with the placid expression of aged content, sits in his accustomed easy-chair, with a pile of letters on a small table beside him, which he opens successively. "Here, my pet, is a letter for you," he says at length to Adele, "and a voluminous epistle, if I may

judge from its size." Adele takes the leter and breaks the seal. Let us read with her.

VENICE, Dec. 18, 18—.

MY DEAREST ADELE: Your cousin, the Rev. Paul Inglis, is preaching to my people. My poor father will not hear him, however—his distress at my becoming a Christian seems to have embittered his whole life. But I have a sincere faith in a prayer-answering God, and I have a sweet and confident hope that he will yet embrace the truth. Dear, dear old Leah has become the most trusting, child-like Christian; yet still most "zealous of the law." Oh! it is so beautiful to see the change wrought in this strong, rugged soul; how the exclusive, narrow sectarianism of a Christ-denying Judaism has given place to the gushing love which pities, loves, and embraces all human kind. But she is still a Karaite Jew, to the smallest letter of the law. "The law has become doubly dear to me, because my Saviour observed it—let me follow in his footsteps," she says. She still uses the Karaite prayer-book, and says she never really understood it before.* Mr. Inglis, so far from disapproving of Sarah's adherence to the minutiæ of the law, encourages her in it. He says as long as we look to Christ alone for salvation, no observance of the law, moral or ceremonial, will hurt us; on the contrary, every tittle of it is holy, just, and good. This, our elders say, is so different from the teachings of Christian missionaries heretofore sent among us, and is really so gratifying to those upon whom long habit has had the effect of making our own national customs very dear, that it gives him an immense advantage.

He thinks our Saviour, so far from condemning the purifications, for instance, enjoined by the law, reproved the Pharisees for substituting the washing of hands for the complete bath. For he said, "Thus have ye made the *command* of God of none effect by your *tradition*;" and in the same connection he refers to their exonerating children from their duty to their parents, on the plea that they are instead honoring God. (Matthew, chapter 15.)

He says it is only when this ceremonial law conflicts with the law of love and mercy, that it is set aside. "Aquiba carried it to a superstitious extent when in prison; and not having water enough to drink and also to bathe, preferred the latter, saying that it was better to die with thirst than transgress the tradition."

And we are not to withdraw ourselves from our fellow-beings, who do not agree with us on these subjects, but treat them with all love and kindness.

It is evident that Mr. Inglis has made a deep impression upon our elders. They allowed him to address us in the synagogue on last Sabbath. He did not preach from a single text, as is the custom in Christian churches, but expounded a portion of Scripture as our rabbins do. He took the first chapter of the gospel of St. John; and as you know that we Jews are constantly taught in our synagogues that the "Word of God" is the same as God; and that "by the Word all things were made"—the first five verses were a fine beginning to argue Jews into a belief of the truth. He then compared these truths with those of the Old Testament, and showed the connection between them. O Adele! I wish I could convey to you a faint idea of his thrilling eloquence and lucid exposition of the truth. He seems to have at his command every passage of the Old Testament, as well as the New; and he has a way of setting the Gospel before you so vividly that there is no way of avoiding conviction. When he had finished his ad-

* The Karaite prayer-book is composed entirely of the Scripture language of the Old Testament, mostly from the Psalms, and our sainted McCheyne was delighted with it.

dress, the whole congregation sat for a few moments in profound silence, and then one of our aged elders arose and said:

"We will again search the Scriptures to ascertain whether the things are so. To the law and to the testimony must a Jew always go. We sincerely thank the eloquent and learned young stranger for the interest he manifests in our race, and we invite him to remain amongst us."

I happened to leave my prayer-book in the synagogue, and returned a few days after to get it. There I found twelve of our rabbins engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Inglis, with the Scriptures before them. What a pleasant sight it was to me! Oh! the happiness of seeing a *Hebrew Christian* church! Will God ever grant me this great blessing?

The remainder of the letter was filled with personal matters, and Adele fell into a long reverie after reading it. Sir Alfred had fallen asleep in his easy-chair, with a newspaper across his knee; and the soft click of Mrs. Cecil's ivory needles, in a mass of zephyr-wool, of most delicately tinted colors, was the only sound which broke the stillness of the long drawing-room.

CHAPTER XIII.

So earnestly did Paul Inglis devote himself to his work that the twelve rabbins referred to by Sarah admitted the force of his arguments, and promised to give themselves to the careful study of the New Testament. But until they had examined the subject, and decided it for themselves, they begged him to refrain from endeavoring to influence them; and Paul seeing that they were really in earnest, gladly gave the required promise, for he felt that men who truly desired the truth would surely find it.

"Meet us here at the next Passover, and we will give you the result of our investigation," they said.

The trees were clad in the soft green of spring; the sweet early flowers were opening their perfumed hearts to the sun, and the fields of springing grain danced in the breeze; all nature heralded with her beauty and balmy breath the approach of the Passover. The sun has reached the vernal equinox, the moon has reached her fullest glory, and the earth has put on her most beautiful dress to celebrate the Passover.

At the hour of morning prayer, the congregation are assembled in the synagogue. The Jews forming this synagogue were all Russians, who had removed from that country to Venice from time to time. It was the only Karaite synagogue in the west of Europe, if Venice may be called west. So zealous had Paul Inglis been in instructing this interesting people, that they were really, most of them, convinced of the truth of Christianity, but the rabbins had asked until the Passover to decide. Paul knew that God's blessing had attended his labors, and never, in his life, had he looked forward to any thing with so much interest as to this Passover.

At the usual hour they assemble. Quietly, but with deep earnestness in their faces, they enter. The rabbins take their accustomed places.

The hour for prayer, and the gray-haired Ben-Israel rises. With a trembling voice he begins: "O thou great Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we entreat thee to enlighten our sin-darkened souls."

A deep sob, which seems to arise from the whole congregation, is heard, and they cast themselves upon their faces, as the prayer continues. Lionel Benjamin alone stands erect, with pale face and clouded brow, yet listens intently to the prayer. His daughter Sarah and his faithful old friend Leah, are both engaged in fervent prayer for him. The prayer continues, and his lips begin to quiver,

and at last, quite overcome, and sobbing like a child, he too sinks upon his knees. This act, however, was not so much an acknowledgment of faith in Christ, as a prayer for light. Of them all, he was the only one that doubted.

It was touching now to see these venerable men, who had, for so long, been teachers themselves, consent humbly to take the place of disciples, and present themselves for baptism. It was a singular thing that the synagogue stood near the site of an ancient Christian church, the ruins of which had been removed to make way for other buildings, but the old baptistery with its octagonal walls, still remained, although the roof was gone, and the floating clouds were reflected in the limpid waters which had filled the old stone basin for centuries. More singular still, was the fact, that a few days previous to this time, an old bronze patera, of most antique pattern, had been dug up by some workmen, near the wall of the baptistry, which was supposed to be the vessel used for pouring the water upon the heads of the candidates for baptism; and as a curiosity, it was burnished, and hung by the handle upon the inner wall of the octagonal building, on an iron hook, which appeared to have been made for it. Thus it seemed as if the angels themselves ministered to these chosen ones—and they descended, following their beautiful young leader, the stone steps, worn by the feet of ancient Christians, into the water, one by one, and upon their heads was poured the sparkling stream from the bronze patera.

"The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul," said the wisest of men, and could the world have looked into the heart of Paul Inglis, as he received these children of Abraham into the Church, they would have seen a radiant vision of joy, gratitude, and love, which nothing earthly could produce.

Only Lionel Benjamin stood aloof, and at his side was Sarah, who had already received the holy ordinance. His agitation was extreme, when his wife, twenty years younger than himself, pressed forward, looking back toward him, with eyes swimming with tears, and with little Joseph and Eva at her side. They were the last, for Mrs. Benjamin had lingered until the last moment, hoping her husband would join her. Sarah clung to his arm and whispered, "Dearest father, God will grant you light in his own good time;" for she saw his doubts and distress were very great. He turned his dark, troubled eyes upon her sweet, spirit-illumined face and said: "If this is truth, my darling, why am I alone left in darkness?"

CHAPTER XIV.

The next step necessary was to organize a church, composed of these new converts, but here he encountered a difficulty which he had not anticipated. The Jewish elders now gave themselves wholly to studying the Scriptures and the different creeds, articles of belief, and confessions of faith of the various Christian churches. They listened earnestly to his explanations, but their questions with regard to these matters were characterized by what M'Cheyne called "true Jewish acumen." They hesitated, they questioned, they objected to one thing in the Church of Scotland—another in the Church of England—as being not exactly sanctioned by Scripture.

The Karaite Jews, as is well known, receive all the books of the Old Testament, but reject the Talmud. They cling to the letter of the law, and this habit makes them very particular in examining any doctrine. (A most truthful and interesting account of them will be found in the Mission to the Jews by M'Cheyne and Bonar.)

The word Karaites or Karaim means Textualists, or in "barbarous

Latin," *Scripturarii*, and these converts now carried out their principles in clinging to the letter of the New Testament, as they had done to the Old.

"You must have patience with us," said they humbly to Inglis; "we can not decide these important points in a day. We will give ourselves wholly to the study of the word, and we hope by the feast of Pentecost, to have arrived at a decision. You must be present in our daily readings, for you have been God's instrument in bringing us to a knowledge of the truth, and now in the decision of these minor points, (still, however, of great importance,) we will look to you for much help." The congregation waited, with prayer and humility, to hear the decision of their elders —yet all studied diligently the New Testament.

The day of Pentecost at length arrived. The elders stated to the people that they had all at length agreed on the form of church government.

"The Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland expresses our belief except in a few important particulars. *Their* church office-bearers are pastors, elders and deacons. We can not see any authority for more than *two* orders of ministry—bishops, who are, under the new dispensation, what the priests were under the old, and deacons, who are, under the new dispensation, what the Levites were under the old. Our Lord himself took the place of the high-priest, and now intercedes for us.

"And as the priests and Levites bore a certain numerical proportion to their flocks, so the bishops and deacons must bear a certain proportion to their flocks, and, therefore, the bishops are to ordain the proper number and always observe the direction to select faithful men, who will be able to teach others also. The bishops are to SELECT the men they deem most suited for the holy office, and not wait for volunteers to present themselves. 'He who desireth the office of a bishop desireth a good thing,' and the wishes of all such are to be carefully attended to; but bishops must still choose whoever seems best fitted for the office, and *no member of Christ's body must dare to refuse the high honor thus placed upon him.* If there is any calling on this earth that he loves more than the service of his God, he is not worthy of his divine Master. And the Hebrew Christians who have the brightest gifts, spiritual and mental, are the ones who are to be called to fill the high vocation. He who refuses it, unless he can give reasons satisfactory to the church, is to be regarded as unworthy the name of Christian.

"From the third section of the nineteenth chapter of the Confession of Faith, we also dissent. We do not believe that a single law of Moses is abrogated, excepting those relating to the sacrifices, which were typical, and therefore fulfilled in the Great Sacrifice. These laws relating to the sacrifices and the temple service were nailed to the cross; the meats and drinks, that is, meat-offerings and drink-offerings, as well as new moons, holy days and Sabbaths, were but shadows of good things to come.

"The first Christian council assembled at Jerusalem to decide a doubtful point, decided not to teach the law of Moses, BECAUSE "*Moses hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day.*" And the external observance of the law, without the inward grace, was a yoke too heavy to be borne. But it was long after this that Paul declared the law holy, just, and good, and he says to Timothy, 'ALL scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

"This great mistake of the ancient Jews, we believe to have been, mistaking the laws which related to this life only, for laws relating to eternity. They believed that eating unclean food would corrupt their souls. Our Saviour taught that a man receives no *spiritual defilement* from his food; yet if he violates the law of Moses,

which, in these matters, is as unerring as the laws of Nature, he brings upon himself physical suffering.

"We will still keep the three great Hebrew festivals, because we see no more scriptural authority for their abrogation than for the abrogation of the Sabbath. We will keep the Passover, in commemoration of the crucifixion of our blessed Lord. We will keep the feast of Pentecost, because on that day the Holy Spirit was given. We will keep the feast of Tabernacles, because we believe it typical of the ending of our earthly pilgrimage and the entering upon our heavenly inheritance, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"We will keep the seventh day as a day of profound rest and meditation, because on that day our Creator rested from the work of creation, and *because on that day our Saviour rested from the work of Redemption.* And we will keep with joy and thanksgiving, the Lord's day, because on that day our Saviour arose from the dead. This day we will observe as a day of religious public worship, and as a busy day for God.

"With these exceptions we adopt the constitution, form of government, and confession of faith of the Church of Scotland, while our synagogue worship will remain the same in externals, but vitalized, we trust, by the spirit of Christ. Our daily morning and evening prayer we will observe at the same hours of the morning and evening sacrifices of the temple; and our bishops and deacons, who are to be in proportion to the male members of the church, as one to twelve, must spend their whole time in study in the synagogue, (which is to be supplied with books for the purpose,) and in active parochial duties. No bishop or deacon is to have any secular employment. When Paul labored as a tent-maker, it was in Corinth, where there was no organized church, whose duty it was to minister to his necessities. Our Lord hath ordained that they who preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel, even as they who ministered in the temple, lived of the things of the temple.

"On the first day of the week let every Christian lay by him in store in *proportion* as the Lord has prospered him. This proportion should never be less than a tenth, and as much more as any man purposeth in his heart; not grudgingly, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

"To support her ministry is one of the lightest duties of the church; every man can give of the abundance which God has given him; but to resist the many wiles of Satan—to rule his own spirit—to suffer long and be kind—to envy not—to think no evil—to please not himself—in short, to prefer Christ to the world—this is what requires the whole armor of God."

They decided to call themselves the Hebrew Christians.

On the day of Pentecost, Mr. Benjamin was baptized, and received into the church.

CHAPTER XV.

A happy party are assembled upon the lawn of the "island in the sky." Sarah Benjamin, in all the glowing beauty of nineteen summers, stands, looking at Adele, who has just fitted an arrow to a bow, and is taking aim at a target fixed upon the face of the cliff. Three gentlemen stand near, Alfred Mowbray, Charles Molyneux, and Sir John Talbot. Miss Talbot has just shot, and her arrow is quivering in the soft, gray stone, wide of the mark. But Adele's out-door education and Alfred's tuition have not been for nothing, and her arrow flew straight to the bull's eye. Alfred smiles with pride and pleasure, but raises his dark eyes to Sarah to participate in his triumph. Such eloquent glances are sometimes

dangerous when exchanged by a maiden of nineteen and a youth of twenty-three.

Alfred had been in great danger of falling in love with his cousin, but her open, confiding, sisterly fondness for him made him feel as he said to Molyneux, as if any love for her, except that of a brother, was wicked. What agency the fair face of the Hebrew girl may have had in producing this state of feeling, we can not say, but we suspect more than the young Saxon would have liked to admit.

And somehow lately Alfred always found himself cut off from Adele by the officiousness of Charlie Molyneux and Sir John Tallot. If they rode, it was Molyneux's fiery Arabian which kept pace with Adele's petted Brown Bess. If they walked, Talbot and Molyneux both watched for the coveted place at her side. Mrs. Cecil was courted by both the young gentlemen with an assiduity which amused and gratified the good lady at the same time. And Adele? The graceful sylph showed an utter indifference to both; and both might have despaired, had not Molyneux that singleness of purpose which never swerves from its object, and that belief in his destiny which impelled him to the conviction that this fair girl was part of his future life.

Of the two candidates for her favor, Talbot was much the cleverer, much more brilliant, and generally considered much the handsomer.

But Molyneux was more of an Englishman. Talbot's mother was a Spanish lady, and he inherited her Spanish face. But it was a splendid face—dark liquid eyes—olive complexion—faultless features, and a flowing jetty beard, of which an Arab would have been proud. And withal, one of those polished men of the world, whose every talent and advantage is at immediate command.

Molyneux's laughing blue eyes, and brown locks, and sinewy, athletic figure were entirely English. English, too, the unconscious dignity of the thorough-bred gentleman. English, the rectitude of purpose—the nice sense of honor—the tenderness and purity of all his domestic ties.

And is it strange that for three years he has loved this petted, almost spoiled maiden, and never told his love—so constantly near her, that she expects him as regularly as her cousin Alfred? But it is a difficult think to speak of love to a being like Adele. One dreads to disturb the placid surface of a limpid lake, which so peacefully reflects the sky, the clouds, the overhanging foliage, and the white water-lilies.

Molyneux lives in the light of the beautiful spirit, with the beautiful form, and hopes some kind providence will unite their destinies in good time. Adele has unconsciously learned to look and listen for him, and Mrs. Cecil sees that he is missed when he does not come.

Sir Alfred loves him like a son, for with more than the usual devotion of a son has the young man cultivated the good opinion of his aged friend. As for Mrs. Cecil, she has become so accustomed to see him at the side of her darling, that she never dreams that "it is to be" any body else. But no one ever speaks of it, and Sir John Talbot is doing his best to prevent it.

When the shooting was over, the little party scattered in groups. Adele has had a fatiguing day, having walked over the mountain to see a poor bed-ridden old woman, that morning, and she rests wearily upon a grassy bank. She is tired of even Sir John Talbot's sparkling talk, and is glad when his mother sends for him to look over some business letters which she has just received. Charlie Molyneux is pulling down the crimson berries of a vine which droops from the cliff, and hands them to her quietly. He does not attempt to talk, but stands looking afar over the distant valley. They are so much accustomed to being together, that they can afford to be silent.

(*To be continued.*)

SOUTHERN POETRY.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.

But newly come from Arthur's court is he,
Nor long has turned his back on Camelot,
Where in the ways of gentle courtesy—
Whose claims by noble knights are ne'er forgot,
Since they have place in vows of chivalry,
And must be kept, if knighthood shrink from spot—
He won from Gawaine, the courtliest in the isle,
His knightly love and kind, approving smile.

While, often in the listed tournament
The manly strength of arm and skill of tilt
That with his grace of horsemanship were blent,
His lance's aim, his sturdy grasp of hilt,
His weighty thrust, when blows in vain were spent,
His haughty smile, when his own blood was spilt,
Stirred like a trumpet's sound the heart of him
Whose eyes to knightly deeds were never dim.

Great Arthur held in high esteem the youth,
And so did all the knights of Table Round.
Noble Sir Galahad, with heart of ruth,
By whom in after time was sought and found,
Through having spotless purity and truth,
The Holy Bowl with brilliant halo crowned,
Which Lancelot sought, and Tristrem sought, in vain,
Because of deadly sin their souls had stain:

Sir Galahad, I say, was Tristrem's friend,
And often in the gentle time of spring
By smiling Tristrem's side his way would wend
'Mid shady trees, while tuneful birds would sing:
And with their happy songs were wont to blend
The elder knight's sweet, calm tones, and the ring
Of merry laughter from Sir Tristrem's lips:
So sweet's the honey youth from friendship sips.

Sir Percival, who with Sir Bors gave aid
To Galahad, as Merlin had foretold,
Was also Tristrem's friend, and often prayed
That he might prove as pure as he was bold;
And by his side Sir Banier oft had strayed
Through forest fresh and green and densest wold,
Hunting the hart or boar with surest aim
And by Sir Tristrem taught to break the game.

Beside these, of his friends at Arthur's court
There were Sir Ferrand, Lanval and Sir Kaye,
The Lord High Steward, who gave the knights much sport,
Gay Dinadam with wit for night and day,

And other names that live in fame's report,
  Sir Taulas, faitours ever fain to slay,
Sir Lionel and Helias the White,
Brunor and Rochemont foremost in the fight.

Long while he staid a guest at Camelot,
  A pleasing sight to Arthur's eye, and dear
To him, because there seemed in him no spot
  Upon the honour which a knight should wear.
But unto man there is no changeless lot,
  And calumny to worth is ever near:
There came a time, when Tristrem found no glance
But one of coldness meet his frank advance.

One morn at early dawning of the day
  He rose before the birds began to sing,
As was with Arthur's knights the wonted way,
  His true and loyal greeting to the king
Prompt in courteous mood as dues to pay,
  For fashions such as these to courts must cling:
But only with averse and cold regard
The king gave token of his having heard.

And through that day, which seemed a day too long,
  At feast, at council, and in hunting-field,
If few there were, or if there were a throng,
  The Prince's face to merriment was steeled,
And frowned on him, as Arthur frowned on wrong:
  Some wound in trust which needed to be healed
Was manifest in ev'ry look he sent,
Though few knew then what these suspicions meant.

But Tristrem, though it made him sad to see
  Such mistrust in a man he loved so well,
Was of a princely line too proud and free
  To woo a hand so ready to repel,
Or ask the cause of such discourtesy,
  When from king's grace so suddenly he fell.
Ere darkness closed upon the face of day,
He sought his steed and grimly rode away.

Had he but deigned to seek to learn the cause
  Of Arthur's coldness to a once-dear knight,
He might have made for Arthur's sake a pause,
  And on some unseen wiles have shed a light,
Which would have saved the kingdom many flaws
  By bringing falsehood to the monarch's sight:
Thus Pride for many men still shuts the gate
That might have opened to a better fate.

For the King's own sister, Morgaine La Faye,
  Who with dark Mordred brought on him such woe
In after days, when sorrows had full play,
  Hating Guinevere with hate's fiercest glow,
Detested with a hate that grew each day,
  That never ebbed and never ceased to flow,

Sir Lancelot, that knight of charming face
And princely form, who had the Queen's fond grace.

That knight she hated, and because there was
To him no friend so dear as Tristrem, she
Gave hate, according to that passion's laws,
To Tristrem, too, though lack of courtesy
Was never shown by him, to give her cause,
Unless such lack it might construèd be
That he had checked with tone severe and stern
Dark Mordred's malice, when it chanced to burn.

She, hating thus the knight of Leonesse,
Sowed slanders on him in the royal ear,
And, illusive forms, potent to impress
By magic art on all that men may wear,
She put such witness on Sir Tristrem's dress
As made imputed guilt a fact appear;
And Arthur, trusting to his eyes, demurred
Belief, no whit, in what his ears had heard.

So went he forth, without one weak farewell
To show the pain distrust had caused his heart;
Some unchecked tears for ancient comrades fell,
From whom his pride alone could make him part;
But, when the moon that rose o'er field and dell
Could not one view of Camelot impart,
His rapid steed he checked with closer rein,
And gave his thoughts to Tintagel again.

It is not in the scope my tale must keep
To tell what haps were his upon the way,
Through wild Welsh glens and over mountains steep;
How from midnight till dawning of the day
He sought refreshment in a quiet sleep,
But, when his matins he had ceased to pray,
How, wandering on, all his thoughts in maze,
He traveled for the space of many days:

How, ere his random course had reached the sea
Some miles the hither side of Tintagel,
While Cornishmen were plunged in misery,
He many strange adventures met, and fell
To setting captives from oppressors free,
And sending gross offenders straight to hell
By well-aimed tilting with his trusty lance,
Or by that blade so famous in romance.

With these brave deeds I nothing have to do,
Who sing but the fight in the Nameless Isle,
To tell of which the minstrels be but few,
And these all Romanesque in speech and style,
And I the first to give Sir Tristrem due
In English tongue, which men no more revile,
Since I, the Rymour, sweetness won and grace
For it in Fairyland, my mistress' place.

'Twas thus that Tristrem in a sudden heat,
Resenting Arthur's coldness, left the place
Where Chivalry held her worthiest seat
And gave best homage unto woman's grace;
'Twas thus that Tristrem on his courser fleet
Had hither come, his uncle to embrace;
But soon he found that a saddening spell
Was on the boldest hearts at Tintagel.

Few words suffice to tell the tale, though Mark,
Garrulous in sorrow, fills the air
With lamentations for a fate so dark,
And curses of a foe he does not dare
To fight—for dogs who dare not bite will bark—
And, ere the King what breath he has to spare
Has half exhausted, eager Tristrem knows
The cause of all these ear-distracting woes.

Breaking in on Mark's tedious harangue,
Cries Tristrem with a fierce disdain and rage:
Where is this robber and his Irish gang?
Send him this gauntlet as my battle-gage;
Now, never more shall he inflict a pang
On tender woman, childhood, or old age,
For, by this right arm and my knightly vow,
His haughty head beneath my blade shall bow!

So says the knight, and at his words a shout
Rends the air, for the mob are at his heels,
And hope is busy in each country lout
And kindles ev'ry heart with her appeals;
E'en the counsellors put their panic out,
So fast fair courage trouble soothes and heals,
And not a heart in stately Tintagel
But feels of hope and trust the joyful swell.

(*To be continued.*)

ELMSVILLE AND ITS HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER III.

"Doctor, I must die if I go much further. I am sinking fast, and this wound is bleeding so that I am perfectly exhausted. Do take me off at the next station."

This was said in a feeble voice, and by the wreck of a man who had once been handsome, manly and noble-looking.

"Just have a little patience, Major, and all will yet be well," Dr. Hartly answered, in a cheerful voice, to the fretful murmurings of Major Barton. He, poor fellow, was returning home, accompanied by the surgeon of his regiment. Nine weeks ago he had passed over the same road *en route* for Virginia. Alas! how different then—and now! Buoyant hopes, high health, and elastic spirits were his once. To-day, a wreck of his former self, he is going home to die.

"Here we are at Elmsville, Major.

The ladies have a wayside hospital here, and you can stop until refreshed enough to travel again. I will of course remain with you."

As the train began to stop, he rose to go out upon the platform.

"Keep perfectly still, Major, while I go out and make inquiries about the hospital and its accommodations. Keep quiet now, Major; I'll be back in a few moments."

Stepping out on the platform, and addressing an old lady, who looked benevolent, he asked: "Can a soldier, too badly wounded to travel, be received into the wayside hospital? I understand, madam, that you have such an institution at this place."

"Certainly, sir. We are glad to be able to help our boys. Lula, do you know if any of the committee are present?"

She addressed a tall, fine-looking girl of about eighteen summers.

"Yes, ma'am! I am here to-day to represent mamma and Mrs. Lawton. Can I assist you in any thing?"

"Yes, my dear. This Doctor has a young soldier who is too sick to go on."

"Good-morning," said Lula, turning to him. "Can I give you any information that you need relative to the hospital and its arrangements? I am Lula Weston, and sent by mamma and a friend who could not come down to-day."

"Thank you, Miss Weston. My patient is Major Barton, of the 52d Georgia. He is too much exhausted to go on further, and desires to stop here."

"Very well, Doctor; I will make arrangements for your friend immediately."

Lula hurried to a small cottage that stood near by, and gave orders to Mrs. Welsh to have a bed ready, as a new case was to be taken into the hospital.

"And, Mrs. Welsh, let the bed be soft. Suppose you put two mattresses. The poor fellow is wounded."

Mrs. Welsh was the resident nurse. In fact, the house was owned by her, but rented by the committee as a wayside hospital. She still occupied one room, and took the position of nurse. Faithfully she performed her task; and when Dr. Hartly carried the poor fainting soldier into the cool walls of the hospital, he said: "Miss Weston, the atmosphere alone will revive him. It is so cool and quiet here."

Lula did not answer him, but went to the door and called her mother's coachman. "Tom, go home and tell mother that I want her to come down to the hospital. No, stay a moment;" and going back into the house, she hurriedly wrote a note to Mrs. Lawton, begging her to come immediately: "I send Tom; come in the carriage." Going out again, she said:

"Take this note to Mrs. Lawton, Tom. If she does not come, go up home, and tell your mistress to come immediately. I fear this soldier will die. Stop and tell Dr. Ellis to call here some time to-day."

Lula gave minute directions to the servant, who cheerfully obeyed her many orders. Then, returning into the house, she waited anxiously for her friend, or her mother, if Mrs. Lawton should fail to come.

Lula was possessed of a great deal of tact, and had attended many cases of extreme illness in her own family. She was, therefore, a very good nurse, having had such ample experience.

She now called Dr. Hartly, and asked if the Major wished any nourishment. "Mrs. Welsh has just boiled some gruel, and I have some wine-whey here, if you wish it."

The Doctor thanked her, and took the wine-whey. Lula passed to and from the door. She scarcely knew whether to go home or remain at the hospital. Dr. Hartly came out again in a few moments and began conversing with Lula. He was pleased to meet with one so agreeable and pleasant. Dr. Hartly mentally vowed that Miss Weston was superior to most young ladies. Besides being intellectual, Lula was what most persons thought pretty. As she now

sat in the little room of the hospital, she certainly did look pretty. Dressed in deep mourning, which was exceedingly becoming to her, as her complexion was of pearly delicacy and her skin of silken smoothness, she wore her flowing tresses of brown hair in graceful disorder, falling lightly over her snowy neck. Warm-hearted, gentle, and loving, her sympathies were speedily aroused for the poor sufferer; and, as she listened to his moaning, she begged Dr. Hartly to see if he needed any thing.

The Doctor complied with her request, and soon came back to say:

"No, Miss Weston; he needs rest more than any thing else."

"Oh!" cried Lula at this moment, "here's Mrs. Lawton. I am glad to see you, Mrs. Lawton. I was afraid you couldn't leave home. This is Dr. Hartly, the gentleman who came on with your patient."

Mrs. Lawton was busily engaged in laying aside her hat, and putting on a long white apron, which declared her purpose. As Dr. Hartly was introduced, she bowed, and, smiling, said: "With your permission, Doctor, I will assist in nursing your friend to-day. And now, sir, can I see him? Before you go, Lu, let me see you again." Then she added: "I want you to prepare some delicacies for this poor soldier, Lula dear. Go home, please, and tell my cook to get every thing ready for me. I'll be home at three. I wish to call for your mother on my way."

This conversation was carried on in an undertone. Dr. Hartly, at the request of Frank, had left the door open that he might see the young lady who was so kind and whose pleasant voice sounded like sweet, gushing music. As he caught sight of sweet, bright-faced Lula, a strange sensation flitted through his heart. "Where have I seen her?" inquired he of his puzzled memory. "Those clear, gray eyes seem to haunt me with their pure, loving depth of feeling. Where have I seen her?"

Wearily closing his eyes, he thought of his dear mother, of her waiting for his coming, and of her agony and suspense. "Oh, Father, in mercy spare her!" he cried. "Let the death of her youngest son fall as the peaceful visitation of Thy will upon her bereaved heart!"

Voicing his prayer in groans, he lay with closed eyes. Dr. Hartly walked softly around the room, and whispered to Mrs. Lawton:

"As he seems quiet and is probably sleeping, we had better leave him."

He lay for hours in this half-sleeping state. On awaking, he found himself, as he supposed, alone. Bitter sobs burst from his lips, as he called to mind the loved ones he was so soon to leave behind.

"I can not die, I can not die! Away from home—among strangers; no mother, no gentle sister to soothe the long, weary hours of pain and *ennui*!"

His repinings were interrupted by a gentle voice: "Poor boy! you are weary and heart-sick, and feel your desolation. Can I fill a small portion of a mother's place in your heart? I, too, have a darling son, far away in a distant hospital among strangers. My poor, poor Edward lies on just such a lonely bed as yours."

Mrs. Lawton had returned unexpectedly, to find Dr. Hartly, overcome by fatigue, quietly sleeping in the hall. Mrs. Welsh, who going to the door repeatedly still found her patient sleeping, had taken a nap in her large-arm. Then it was Major Barton awoke, and found himself, as he thought, quite alone.

"Thank you, dear lady, you remind me a little of my dear mother, far away in Georgia. I will gladly receive kindnesses at your hands, and imagine my own dear mother stands beside me."

Mrs. Lawton now heard a gentle tapping at the door, and went to see who had called.

"Sister Lula sent me in to tell you that if you are ready now she will take you home, ma'am."

"Where is Lula, Harry?" asked Mrs. Lawton of the little boy.

"Out in the carriage, ma'am."

"Mrs Lawton," called Major Barton, "can I see Miss Lula? for as yet I do not know her other name."

"Harry, run and tell your sister I wish to see her," said Mrs. Lawton. Lula came in, and asked if she had been sent for.

"Major Barton wishes to see you, dear child; and I think it best that his wish should be gratified. So, come in Lu. Miss Lula Weston, Major Barton."

Frank put out his thin, emaciated hand, and Lula clasped it in her soft palm and said:

"How are you feeling now? Better, I hope, Elmsville is a good resting-place for an invalid; and I trust you may soon become strong enough to go on to Calhoun; Dr. Hartly told me to-day that your home was near Calhoun. Can I write for you, Major, or would you prefer Mrs. Lawton? Dr. Hartly has just gone out to take a ride. I told Harry to carry him home to tea with him, so, Mrs. Lawton, we will walk. The Doctor looked so weary: a little sniff of fresh air will benefit him. I hope, Major, you will soon be well enough to enjoy the same pleasure. But—do you wish a letter written?"

"Thank you, Miss Lula—I must beg that you will allow me that privilege—I am certain, I have met you somewhere. I wish you would call to-morrow."

"Well, I must really go home, or mamma will imagine that I am lost. Good-afternoon, Major Barton. Father will sit up with you to-night. Mrs. Lawton, are you coming?"

Lula passed into the hall; and Major Barton said to Mrs. Lawton: "Is that fair creature a friend of yours?"

"Yes, and a nobler or lovelier girl never lived. She is the eldest of a most interesting family. Lula is indeed a sweet and lovely girl. Elmsville would be lost without her. One need only see her to love her."

Wild with delirium, Major Barton raved for days. Consciousness left him; and reason was for some time dethroned. Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. R—— were never weary of waiting on him; and sometimes, when maddened with pain, he imagined himself again confronting the foe, his clear, ringing voice gave command after command in quick succession. Now he sees Phil Bradford fall. A groan bursts from his pallid lips: "Poor little Lil," he cries. Again he is at home. The cool night breezes fan his fevered cheek; and his wild frenzy sinks into a quiet that almost resembles sleep. But, no, he is still delirious. His mood is placid, because he dreams of home. "Mother, why don't you cool my forehead? Oh! it is so hot—burning, burning!" Then, as he feels the cool hand of Mrs. Weston laid on his heated brow, he says: "Mother, Miss Lula is so pretty, I only saw her once. She went away. I have searched the whole of Floyd county and in Calhoun, and I can not find her. Where is she? Don't you know, mother? You sent her away." His voice assumed a pleading, gentle tone.

Thus he raved. Ten days he lay hovering between life and death. Lula came daily to see him; but he never recognized her. The young heart of our sweet Lu was saddened by these closing scenes of her patient's life. Pity is said to be near of kin to love; and, ere the gentle girl was aware, her heart became deeply interested in the fate of Frank Barton. Even death's presence can not prevent the growth of love.

The morning of the eleventh day has dawned. The lamp dimly lights the room. Frank slowly opens his eyes and says: "O! my mother, I am so tired."

"Go to sleep, my son, I know you are tired," and the gentle voice of Mrs. Weston falls soothingly upon his weary ear.

"Mamma," cries Lily in the Georgia home, to which the reader must now imagine himself transported, "I wonder who this note is from, postmarked Elmsville, S. C.? You don't know any one there, do you?"

"Open it, my daughter. I am prepared for any thing."

Breathing an inward prayer for strength, Mrs. Barton listened as Lily read:

"DEAR MADAM: Your son and my friend is now at this place, and is very ill. He is unconscious. Has many kind friends here and is well cared for. I am the surgeon of the regiment, and have been with him during his entire illness. Yours, respectfully,

B. F. HARTLY."

"O my son, my son!" burst in agony from the lips of the suffering mother, "my darling boy." Sob followed sob, and, almost fainting, Mrs. Barton went to her room, there to pray for her son.

Lily was wan and pale. The suffering of six weeks had wrought the impress of time on her young head.

And now return we to the suffering son and brother.

"I am a little better to-day, Doctor. I feel stronger, and I hope soon to go on home." Major Barton had indeed gained strength slowly, and was now able to talk nearly all day. Three weeks had nearly elapsed; and, although they were weeks of torture, the latter part had been cheered by the smiles of Lula Weston. From day to day, as he saw her lovely character more fully displayed, he loved her more fondly. The reply just given was made in answer to Dr. Hartly's question of daily recurrence.

"Here's Miss Lula and Mr. Dayton coming to see you."

A happy smile stole over his face, as Lu entered the room, accompanied by her pastor, who was no infrequent visitor at that sick couch.

"Mamma is coming down directly, Frank, (he had insisted on her believing that Major Barton was a myth and that his real name was Frank,) and says I must go back home."

"No, no, Lula; I want you here to-day, to write to Mother and Lil for me."

"Well, you must ask her to let me stay until twelve. Mrs. Ross is your nurse to-day; and mamma is her great friend."

Lula took off her hat, and sat down beside his bed; and, after a fervent prayer offered by Mr. Dayton, they were left alone.

"Lula, look at me," said Frank, "I want to ask you a question." Lula did as he wished, and, turning her dark gray eyes on him, said:

"Now, Frank, does that suit you?"

"Lula, could you ever love? O! darling, I have never loved before I saw you. Your face haunts me. I have not forgotten it one moment. Can you ever love a poor cripple?"

Her only reply was to kiss his broad white brow, and say:

"You have a heart, Frank."

The time for Lula to go home at length arrived; and, stooping, she whispered:

"Tell mamma when she comes to-night."

"Tom, run home, and tell Miss Lu to come down, I want to see her. Don't tell her that the Major is worse." This was Mrs. Weston's hurried message.

Lula arrived, having set out as soon as she could arrange her toilet, for it was midnight when her mother sent for her. Frank had become suddenly much worse; and Dr. Hartly said that he could live only a few hours, and asked for Lula. When she came, her mother met her, and said: "My daughter, be firm. The hour has come for you to summon all your courage. Endeavor to be calm. Go in now and see Frank; but remember that the slightest noise will kill him."

Lula stood paralyzed. Soon, however, she gained strength to enter the room; and, standing at the bedside, she gazed at Frank. Oh! what a sight! A dark, blue circle had gathered under his eyes and around his mouth. The signs of death were stamped upon every feature. But now he moves and speaks: "O Lula! Mother! Lily!" and, opening his eyes, he saw the being dearest to him on earth standing beside him.

"Tell mother, Lu, that I am going home. I am prepared to die. Tell her to meet me in heaven. Tell Lily I am—am—"

A low gurgling sound, and all was silent. Frank Barton was dead — dead.

"We can not bury Major Barton to-day, Doctor," said old Mr. Weston; "we can not get the coffin ready."

"He must be buried soon," said the Doctor, "for he can not be kept very long."

"Well, I must do all I can to hurry it forward," said the old gentleman. As he left the room, his wife and daughter entered. Lula had forced herself to go down to the hospital to see Frank's remains. As she entered the room, a dull moan escaped her lips. "O Frank! Frank!" she murmured, as she placed a wreath and cross upon his breast. Mr. Dayton came and saw his young friend, Lula, weeping near the silent sleeper; and, passing his arm around her, he said: "Come away, dear child."

Lula returned home, and, throwing herself on the couch, wept long and bitterly. Time passed away; and twilight would soon descend.

"Lula, are you going to see Frank buried?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Get up, then, dear, and compose yourself, for we must be going directly. He is to be buried this evening, and we ought to go."

Lula pushed the heavy hair away from her face, and bathed her aching temples.

"Dr. Hartly is down-stairs, Lula. I brought him home with me. Poor fellow! he seemed so tired and heart-weary; and Frank is beyond all help."

Mrs. Weston loved her darling child with deep devotion, and knew that she loved Frank. She felt deeply for her, therefore, in this great sorrow. Soothing her by gentle words, she led her down-stairs. The carriage was ready, and Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Dr. Hartly and Lula got in, and drove to the church, where the remains of poor Frank lay. Twilight had deepened, and heavy masses of clouds began to gather, portending a storm. A low, rumbling sound of distant thunder warned Mr. Dayton that the services must be short. As the bell tolled its ever-mournful peal, the villagers came silently in. Major Barton was known to every one, as his lingering illness had excited universal sympathy. The deep voice of Mr. Dayton slowly repeated those comforting words of John: "I am the resurrection and the life; and he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." A hushed silence fell upon the assembly. The last prayer was offered up, and the services were to be concluded at the grave. Lula was almost in a fainting condition, as she took Dr. Hartly's arm and moved toward the church-yard. But his strong arm supported her. The clouds had nearly overcast the heavens, and faint, struggling gleams of moonlight dimly lighted the churchyard. "We commit this body to the dust—'dust to dust, ashes to ashes.'" A light handful of earth rattled on the coffin; and, as if to lend a more solemn aspect to the scene, the clouds parted, and one broad flash of moonlight fell across the grave and the few mourners who accompanied Mr. Dayton to Frank's last resting-place. As the low, hollow sound of earth, falling upon the coffin, told that soon all would be over, a wailing cry burst from an agonized heart: "O Frank!" and Lula's voice quivered in the stillness that pervaded the summer air. Dr. Hartly drew her away, and said: "Come, Miss Lula, we can do no more for Frank. The last tribute is paid. We can do no more. Let us go home."

The days passed on. Nothing was heard at Woodlands from Frank. Mrs. Barton's heart died within her. She felt instinctively that her boy was no more. A few days after the

last scene a letter was handed her from Elmsville. Many letters had come to her during the earlier period of Frank's sojourn there; and the gentle Lula's name was always associated with Frank's in the fond mother's thoughts. She knew that Lula was loved by Frank, and she loved her for her kindness to a stranger; and now, as the letter lay in her hand, she dared not open it. "I must, I will read it!" said she at last. It was from Lula.

"DEAR MRS. BARTON, I am the writer of a sad, sad letter. My heart fails within me. But the great Disposer of events alone can give me courage to proceed. We have written you daily of Frank's condition—and to-day, dear friend, I have a duty to perform almost too painful to discharge. Mrs. Barton, last Monday we laid your loved son to rest. The hand of affection soothed his last hours. I left him apparently doing well, but in a few hours was recalled to see him die. Only a few hours did he suffer. The cause was heart-disease. Suddenly as a dream has he passed away. He sleeps beside our dead; and he can be removed in the winter. Allow me to mingle my tears with yours, as I repeat to you his dying messages: 'Lu, tell mother,' said he, 'I am prepared; meet me above. Tell Lil—' The last words were never uttered; in a moment he was gone. Dear unknown friend, I weep with you. Your loss is mine. I loved your son, and would have died to save him. I will write to you again, when I can better command my feelings. Yours with love and respect, LULA."

The days passed away, and the hearts of Mrs. Barton and Lily were bowed with grief. Lily had a double woe—Frank's death and the suspense in which she was kept about Phil.

Six months had gone by; when, one day, as she sat listening to the low wind of the dreary November season, she heard the sound of some one approaching. She looked—can she believe it? Is it Phil, or only an illusion? Soon all doubt was dispelled. It was indeed the absent one returned. Her idol restored to her!

"O Father! I thank thee!" The poor child wept long and passionately: the change was so great, the joy so unexpected. Phil had fallen, but not severely wounded, and now had come, a returned prisoner. Oh! what joy to the tender, loving heart of our sweet Lil!

A year has elapsed, and Lula is again at the station when the train comes. Sorrow has chastened the young heart, and now, like an angel of mercy, she is wherever a woman's gentle hand and pitying heart can administer comfort and relief to the sick, wounded, and dying. Her love for Frank threw an undying interest around his comrades in arms; and her grief for him prompted her to devote her life to the relief of the brave and good, who were suffering in what they believed a righteous cause.

CHAT AND CLIPPINGS.

GENERAL R. E. LEE BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

THE examination of General Lee before this distinguished Committee has elicited some curious and interesting facts, which ought to be preserved by every sincere friend of his country.

A synopsis of the report will do but imperfect justice to the great and important truths evolved, it has therefore been deemed best to give it *in extenso*.

Question. What is your name?

Answer. R. E. Lee.

Q. Was this name given you by your sponsors in baptism?

A. I don't know, but think that it was given me by my parents.

Q. What is your profession?

A. I believe that I am called a teacher.

Q. Are your boys taught the longitude of the Fejee Islands?

A. I presume they may be in the primary department.

Q. Are you sure of this?

A. I can not say positively.

Q. From what meridian do your subordinates estimate longitude? from Washington or Greenwich?

A. I presume that they follow the maps.

Q. Are you sure they would use the meridian of Washington?

A. I think that they would.

Q. What do your people think of the subjects of the King of Dahomey?

A. They think that they are *blacks*, but not *Republicans*.

Q. Would a lady of the first family in Virginia take a bridal tour in a balloon?

A. If she were *flightily* inclined, she would.

Q. What do your people think of the temples of freedom in the South?

A. I don't understand you.

In explanation. The buildings appropriated to the Freedmen's Bureau.

A. They think that the Freedmen make *incense* offerings in them to the Goddess of Liberty.

Q. What do you think yourself?

A. I have not investigated the subject.

Q. Did you know Jeff Davis?

A. I believe that I did.

Q. Did he have neuralgia in his eye?

A. I think that I saw such a statement during the war in a Northern paper.

Q. How did you get a Northern paper; through traitors? (Sensation.)

A. It was brought to me by a courier from the battle-field.

Q. How did he get it? (Much excitement.)

A. He got it from a Union soldier.

Q. Did the rebel rob him? (Intense emotion.)

A. The owner of the paper was dead.

Q. What killed him?

A. It was supposed to be a bullet.

Q. Who fired that bullet?

A. I think it was a soldier. (Great horror.)

Q. Did you believe the statement in the Northern paper?

A. I think that I believed; don't remember distinctly.

Q. What was the nature of the neuralgia in Jeff Davis's eye?

A. I suppose that it was some sort of pain; never studied physiology.

Q. What did you call Jeff Davis?

A. I called him Mr. Davis.

Q. What kind of currency did your soldiers use?

A. Paper money.

Q. Did they use greenbacks?

A. It is said that they did sometimes.

Q. Were these supplied by Northern copperheads? (Great emotion. Committee rise.)

A. I think not.

Q. How then?

A. It is said that the Stonewall Brigade made a *run* upon the Northern *Banks*.

Q. Are the ladies of Virginia still inclined to be rebellious?

A. Those who have bad husbands are said to be.

Q. Are you sure of this? (Much excitement.)

A. My information may be incorrect; have no personal knowledge on the subject.

Q. Would your churches allow the star-spangled banner to lie across their pulpits?

A. I don't know, but think that they would prefer the banner of the cross.

Q. Are you sure of this? (Much feeling.)

A. I may be mistaken.

Q. Would they permit "Hail Columbia, *happy* land," to be introduced into their hymn-books?

A. I think they would prefer poetry in praise of another land.

Committee rise in an excited manner. Some cry, "He means Dixie," others, "I thought the murder would out." After order has been restored, the President propounds the

Q. What other land? (All rise again.)

A. The *heavenly* land. (All resume their seats.)

Q. What do your people think of Senator Wilson?

A. They have heard that he fought bravely.

President of Committee, (looking perplexed.) He did raise a regiment, but after the brutal murder of Colonel Baker, at Ball's Bluff, he resigned.

Q. What do your people think of Senator Sumner?

A. The old Union man tries to brook him. The old secessionist *brooks* him in his heart.

Q. Whose heart? that of the rebel or Senator?

A. The *heart* of the rebel and the *head* of the Senator were in my mind.

Q. Did you ever call Jeff Davis Mr. President?

A. I believe that I did. (Great sensation.)

Q. When and where? Remember that you are under oath.

A. To the best of my recollection, it was during the war and at Richmond.

Q. What was the nature of your conversation?

A. If I remember rightly, I said, "How is your health to-day, Mr. President?" and he replied, "Pretty good, I thank you."

Q. What do your people think of the burning of Columbia?

A. They generally seem to believe that it was caused by fire.

Q. Who started the fire?

A. General Hampton says that it was General Sherman. General Sherman says that it was General Hampton.

It will be seen that such was the skill in propounding questions, that although the answers of the witness were very guarded, a very satisfactory exhibit is made of the present temper and condition of the States lately in rebellion.

HOW EASILY THE NEGRO DIES.

In statistics recently compiled and published, it is plainly shown that the negro is not equal to the burdens of freedom, and that when he puts on a uniform he has almost surely enshrouded himself for burial. Bullets do not kill him, but disease claims him for its own, and he perishes suddenly. Only two thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven died in action and of wounds, while twenty-six thousand three hundred and one fell victims to disease. Here is a huge disproportion. The deaths in action and by wounds stand to those by disease in the ratio of one to eight. Among whites the ratio is only one to two. This shows that the negroes are not of that "perdurable stuff" of which freemen should be made. Not only in war does he show his vast incapacity to meet and endure the harassing responsibilities of life, but in peace he sinks beneath the ordinary trials of this uncertain and soul-trying world. As children need parents, so do negroes need masters. The world will recognize the fact one day, but "too late"—*Richmond Examiner.*